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BASHAN PUTS IN HIS APPEARANCE

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Bashan and I*, by Thomas Mann

When spring, which all men agree is the fairest season of the year, comes round again and happens to do honour to its name, I love to go for half an hour's stroll in the open air before breakfast. I take this stroll whenever the early chorus of the birds has succeeded in rousing me betimes—because I had been wise enough to terminate the preceding day at a seemly hour. And then I go walking—hatless—in the spacious avenue in front of my house, and sometimes in the parks which are more distant. Before I capitulate to the day's work, I long to draw a few draughts of young morning air and to taste the joy of the pure early freshness of things. Standing on the steps which lead down from my front door, I give a whistle. This whistle consists of two tones, a base tone and a deeper quarter-tone—as though I were beginning the first notes of the second phrase of Schubert's unfinished symphony, a signal which may be regarded as equal in tonal value to a name of two syllables.

The very next moment, as I go on towards the garden gate, a sound is heard in the distance, a sound at first almost inaudible, then growing rapidly nearer and clearer—a sound such as might ensue if a metal tag were to be set clinking against the brass trimmings of a leather collar. Then, as I turn round, I see Bashan curving in swift career around the corner of the house and heading for me full tilt as though he intended to knock me over. His efforts cause him to shorten his underlip a bit, so that two or three of his lower front teeth are laid bare. How splendidly they gleam in the early sun!

Bashan comes straight from his kennel. This is situated behind the house under the floor of the veranda, which is supported on pillars. It is probable that, after a night of divers and unknown adventures, he had been enjoying a short morning doze in this kennel, until my two-syllabic whistle roused him to swift activity. This kennel or miniature hut is equipped with curtains made of coarse material, and is lined with straw. Thus it chances that a stray straw or two may be clinging to Bashan's coat—already rather ruffled up from his lying and stretching—or that one of these refractory straws may even be left sticking between his toes. This is a vision which always reminds me of the old Count Moor in Schiller's *Robbers*—as I once saw him in a most vivid and imaginative production, coming out of the Hunger Tower, with a straw between two of his toes.

Involuntarily I take up a flank position to the charging Bashan as he comes storming onward—an attitude of defence—for his apparent intention of lunging himself between my feet and laying me low is

most amazingly deceptive. But always at the last moment and just before the collision, he manages to put on the brakes and to bring himself to—something which testifies to his physical as well as his mental self-control. And now—without uttering a sound—for Bashan makes but scant use of his sonorous and expressive voice—he begins to carry out a confused dance of welcome and salutation all about me, a dance consisting of rapid tramlings, of prodigious waggings—waggings which are not limited to that member which is intended for their proper expression—but which demand tribute of his entire hindquarters up to his very ribs, furthermore an annular contraction of his body, as well as darting, far-flung leaps into the air, also rotations about his own axis—performances which, strange to say, he endeavours to hide from my gaze, for whenever I turn towards him, he transfers them to the other side. The very moment, however, I bend down and stretch out my hand, he is brought suddenly with a single leap to my side. There he stands, like a statue, with his shoulder-blade pressing against my shinbone. He stands aslant, with his strong paws braced against the ground, his face uplifted towards mine, so that he peers into my eyes from below and in a reversed direction. His stillness whilst I pat his shoulder and mutter friendly words, breathes forth the same concentration and emotion as the preceding delirium.

He is a short-haired setter—if you will not take this designation too sternly and strictly, but with a grain of salt. For Bashan cannot really claim to be a setter such as are described in books—a setter in accordance with the most meticulous laws and decrees. He is perhaps a trifle too small for this—for he is somewhat under the size of a full-fledged setter. And then his legs are not quite straight, but somewhat disposed to bend outward, a condition of things which would also be scarcely in accordance with the ideal of a Simon-pure breed.

The slight disposition to dewlaps or “wattles,” that is, to those folds of skin about the neck which are capable of lending a dog such a dignified expression, becomes him admirably, though it is certain that this feature would also be objected to as a flaw by implacable experts on breeding, for I am told that in this species of dog the skin should lie close and firm about the throat.

Bashan’s colouring is very beautiful. His coat is a rusty brown in the ground colour, striped with black. But there are also considerable mixtures of white. These predominate on the chest, the paws, and the belly. His entire nose, which is very short, seems to be painted black. This black and rusty brown makes a pretty velvety pattern on his broad skull as well as on his cool ear-laps. One of his most edifying external features is the whorl, tuft or tassel into which the white hair on his chest twists itself and which sticks out like the spike on certain ancient armour. To

be sure, one of his rather arbitrary glories—the colour of his hair—might also appear a dubious point to those who rate racial laws higher than the values of personality. It is possible that the classic setter should be monochrome or decorated with shaded or toned spots, and not, like Bashan, with tiger-like stripes. But the most emphatic warning against classifying Bashan in any rigid or iron-clad category, is a certain drooping manner of the hirsute appendages about the corners of his mouth and the underside of his jaws, features which might not incorrectly be designated as a kind of bristling moustache and goatee—features which, if you will rivet your eye upon them from near or far, will remind you of a griffon or an Airedale terrier!

But what odds?—setter or pointer or terrier—Bashan is a fine and handsome animal. Look at him as he leans rigidly against my knee and looks up at me with a profound and concentrated devotion! His eye, ah, his eye! is beautiful, soft, and wise, even though a trifle glassy and protuberant. The iris is a rusty brown—of the same colour as his coat, though it forms only a small ring in consequence of the tremendous expanse of the black mirrors of the pupils. On the outer periphery the colour blends into the white of the eye, swimming in it, as it were. The expression of his face, an expression of reasonable cheerfulness, proclaims the fine masculinity of his moral nature, which is reflected physically in the structure of his body. The vaulted chest, beneath whose smooth, supple, and clinging skin the ribs show powerfully, the drawn-in haunches, the nervous, clear-veined legs, the strong and well-shaped paws—all proclaim a brave heart and much virile virtue—proclaim peasant blood—hunting blood. Yes, there can be no doubt of it—the hunter and the tracker dominate prodigiously in Bashan's education. He is a bona-fide setter—if you must know—even though he may not owe his existence to some snobbish bit of blue-blooded inbreeding. And this perhaps is what I would imply by the rather confused and unrelated words which I address to him whilst patting him on the shoulder-blade.

He stands and stares, listening intently to the tone of my voice. He finds that this tone is full of accents which decidedly approve of his existence, something which I am at pains to emphasise in my speech. And suddenly, with an upward lunge of the head and a swift opening and shutting of his jaws, he makes a snap towards my face, as though he intended to bite off my nose, a bit of pantomime that is obviously meant to be an answer to my remarks and which invariably throws me backward in a sudden recoil, laughing—as Bashan well knows. He intends this to be a kind of air-kiss, half tenderness, half mischievousness—a manœuvre which has been peculiar to him from puppyhood on—I had never observed it in the case of any of his predecessors. Moreover, he at once begs pardon for the liberty he has taken by waggings, short abrupt bows and an

embarrassed air. And then we pass out of the garden-gate into the open.

We are now invested with a sound of rushing and roaring as of the sea. For my house fronts almost directly on the River Isar “rolling rapidly” as in the famous lines by Campbell, and foaming over flat terraces in its bed. We are separated from it only by the rows of poplars, by a strip of fenced-in grass which is planted with young maples and an elevated road which is fringed by great aspens, giants which conduct themselves in the same bizarre manner as willows and snow up the whole region with their white, seed-bearing fluff at the beginning of June. Up river, towards the city, I see a detachment of pioneers practising the building of a pontoon bridge. The thudding of their heavy boots upon the boards and the shouts of their officers echo across the stream. From the farther bank there come sounds of industrial activity, for yonder, at some distance down-stream from the house, there is a locomotive plant working under increased pressure—in accordance with the times. The tall windows of this great brick shed glow through the darkness at all hours of the night. New and beautifully lacquered engines hurry to and fro on their trial trips, a steam siren occasionally lets its heady howl be heard, a dull, thunderous pother makes the air quiver from time to time, and from the throats of several stacks the smoke creams darkly forth. This, however, is driven away by a kindly-disposed wind towards the distant tracts of woods, so that it seldom rolls across the river. Thus in the suburban, semi-rural solitude of this region, the whisperings of contemplative nature mingle with those of human activity. Over all lies the blank-eyed freshness of the morning hour.

According to the daylight-saving law, the time might be half-past seven when I take my walk; in reality it is half-past six. With arms crossed behind my back I stroll through the tender sunshine down the poplar-lined avenue, barred by the long shadows of the trees. From here I cannot see the river, but its broad and even flow is audible. There is a soft whispering in the trees, the penetrating twittering, fluting, chirping, and sob-like trill of the songbirds fills the air. Under the moist blue heavens an aeroplane coming from the east, a stark mechanical bird with a roaring voice, now swelling, and now softly ebbing away, steers its independent way across land and river, and Bashan delights my eye with beautiful leaps at full length to and fro across the low fence of the grass plot to the left.

Bashan is jumping because he actually knows that I take pleasure in his jumping. Often by means of calls and knockings upon the fence, have I encouraged him in it and praised him when he had fulfilled my wishes. And now, too, he comes after almost every jump so that I may tell him that he is a daring and elegant fence-vaulter,

at which he also ventures a jump or two towards my face and beslobbers my thrust-out, defensive arm with the slaver of his mouth. These exercises, however, he likewise intends to be a kind of gymnastic morning toilet, for he smooths his ruffled coat by means of these athletic movements and rids himself of the straws which had disfigured it.

It is good thus to go walking in the morning, the senses rejuvenated, the spirit purged by the healing bath and long Lethean draught of the night. You look upon the day that lies before you, regard it with strong, serene confidence, but you hesitate lazily to begin it—you are master of an unusually free and unburdened span of time lying between the dream and the day, your reward for the good use you have made of your time. The illusion that you are leading a life that is constant, simple, undissipated and benignly introspective, the illusion that you belong utterly to yourself, renders you happy. Man is disposed to regard his case or condition of the moment, be this glad or troubled, peaceful or passionate, for the true, essential, and permanent aspect of his life, and above all is in fancy inclined to elevate every happy *_ex tempore_* to a radiant rule and an unbreakable habit, whereas he is really condemned to live by improvisation, from hand to mouth, so to speak.

So, drawing in deep breaths of the morning air, you believe in your freedom and in your worth, though you ought to be aware, and at heart *_are_* aware, that the world is holding its snares ready to entangle you in them, and that in all probability you will again be lying in bed until nine to-morrow morning, because you had got into it at two the night before, heated, befogged, and full of passionate debate. . . . Well, so be it. To-day you are the man of sobriety and the dew-clad early hour, the right royal lord of that mad hunter yonder who is just making another jump across the fence out of sheer joy that you are apparently content to live this day with him and not waste it upon the world you have left behind you.

We follow the tree-lined avenue for about five minutes, to that point where it ceases to be a road and becomes a coarse desert of gravel parallel to the course of the river. We turn our backs upon this and strike into a broad, finely-gravelled street which, like the poplar-lined road, is equipped with a cycle-path, but is still void of houses. This leads to the right, between low-lying allotments of wooded land, towards the declivity which bounds our river-banks—Bashan's field of action towards the east.

We cross another street of an equally futuristic nature, which runs openly between the woods and the meadows, and which, farther up in the direction of the city and the tram-stop, is lined with a compact mass of flats. A slanting pebble path leads us to a prettily

arranged dingle, almost like a _kurgarten_ to the eye, but void of all humanity, like the entire district at this hour. There are benches along the rounded walks—which enlarge themselves here and there to _rondels_ or to trim playgrounds for the children and to spacious planes of grass on which are growing old and well-formed trees with deep pendant crowns, revealing only a short stretch of trunk above the grass. There are elms, beeches, limes, and silvery willows in parklike groups. I find great pleasure in this carefully-groomed park, in which I could not wander more undisturbed, if it were my own. It is perfect and complete. The gravel paths which curve down and around the gentle, sloping lawns, are even equipped with stone gutters. And there are far and pleasing glimpses between all this greenery, the architecture of a few villas which peer in from both sides and form the background.

Here for a little while, I stroll to and fro upon the walks, whilst Bashan, his body inclined in a centrifugal plane, and drunk with joy of the fetterless unlimited space about him, executes gallopades criss and cross and head over heels upon the smooth grassy surfaces. Or else with barkings wherein indignation and pleasure mix and mingle, he pursues some bird, which, either bewitched by fear or out of sheer mischief, flutters along always a few inches in front of his open jaws. But no sooner do I sit down upon a bench than he comes and takes up a position on my foot. It is one of the immutable laws of his life that he will run about only when I myself am in motion, and that as soon as I sit down he too should become inactive. The necessity for this is not quite obvious, but to Bashan it is as the laws of the Medes and Persians.

It is quaint, cosy, and amusing to feel him sitting upon my foot and penetrating it with the feverish glow of his body. A sense of gaiety and sympathy fills my bosom, as always when I am abandoned to him and to his idea of things. His manner of sitting is a bit peasant-like, a bit uncouth—with his shoulder-blades turned outward and his paws turned in, irregularly. In this position his figure appears smaller and stockier than it really is, and the white whorl of hair upon his chest is thrust into comic prominence. But his head is thrown back in the most dignified manner and redeems his disregard for a fine pose by virtue of the intense concentrated attention it displays.

It is so quiet that both of us remain absolutely still. The rushing of the water reaches us only in a subdued murmur. Under such conditions the tiny secret activities in our immediate world take on a particular importance and preoccupy the senses,—the brief rustling of a lizard, the note of a bird, the burrowing of a mole in the ground. Bashan's ears are erected, in so far as the muscular structure of flapping ears admits of this. He cocks his head in order to intensify his sense of hearing. And the nostrils of his

moist black nose are in incessant and sensitive motion, responsive to innumerable subtle reactions.

He then lies down once more, being careful, however, to maintain his contact with my foot. He is lying in a profile position, in the ancient, well-proportioned, animalistic, idol-like attitude of the sphinx, with elevated head and breast, his thighs pressed close to his body, his paws extended in front of him. He is overheated, so he opens his jaws, a manœuvre which causes the concentrated cleverness of his expression to pass into the purely bestial. His eyes twinkle and narrow to mere slits, and between his white and strong triangular teeth a long, rose-red tongue lolls forth.

OLD JOKES

Project Gutenberg's *Wehman Bros.' Vaudeville Jokes No. 1.*, by Anonymous

* * * * *

“What are you doing now?”

“I’m working on the town clock.”

“If that’s so you must be working overtime.”

* * * * *

A girl goes into a store to buy garters.

“What kind?”

“Rubber.”

“I’d lose my job if I did.”

* * * * *

“I hear your uncle died and left his fortune to an orphan asylum.”

“Yes.”

“What did he leave?”

“Fifteen children.”

* * * * *

“Do you know ping-pong?”

“Sure! He washes my shirts.”

* * * *

There was a German friend of mine who was quite sick for some time. The doctor told him he might eat anything he wanted. He told his wife he believed he would like some Limburger cheese. His wife was a good-hearted woman; she went out and got twenty pounds of this distinct cheese, and put some in every room in the house, that he might get a nip whenever he wanted it (you can imagine the aroma in that house). The doctor called the next morning, and rang the bell; when the servant opened the door, the doctor paused a moment, then said, “When did he die?”

* * * *

“I guess I’ll go out and get the air.”

“If you do I’ll put words to it.”

* * * *

Do you know that I invented smokeless tobacco.

What kind of tobacco is that?

Chewing.

* * * *

When a man longs for money he is generally short.

* * * *

“You have a big head this morning.”

“Yes; I was drinking lots of water last night.”

“Why, you can’t get drunk on water!”

“Certainly, my boy; you can get drunk on water just the same as you can on land.”

* * * *

A GIRL WANTED (in a bakery).--A rising young woman from the (y)east, must be floury in speech, well bread and not inclined

to _loaf_, not get _mixed up_, be _pie_-us and sober. To such a one
her _dough_ will be paid every night. Any suitable young girl able
to _cracker_ joke and _kneeding_ this job may apply to Miss LADY
FINGER or LUKE WARMWATER.

Doughnut come unless well recommended. One preferred who can _roll
up_ and _turn over bun_-dles so quickly as to take the _cake_, but not
be _tart_, _snap_-py or _crust_-y or _puff_unctory in her conduct.

* * * * *

“Why does your wife use that pretty bathing suit?”

“Just as a matter of form. They’d arrest her, you know, if she went in
without it.”

* * * * *

“Does your wife miss you much?”

“No; she can throw as straight as I can.”

* * * * *

“Did you ever see a pig wash?”

“No, but I saw pig iron.”

* * * * *

“How is your farm this year?”

“A failure. My potatoes had no eyes and they couldn’t see to grow.”

* * * * *

She --I hid a \$5 bill in this dictionary yesterday and I can’t find it
anywhere.

He --Did you look among the Vs, dear?

* * * * *

I would never play poker with a dentist.

Why not?

It’s too easy for him to draw and fill.

* * * * *

“Well, Tom, what are you working at now?”

“Nutting.”

“Nothing--well, that’s a healthy occupation for a big man.”

“Sure, I work in a nut and bolt factory, putting nuts on bolts, ain’t that nutting?”

* * * * *

I went into a restaurant to-day. The lemon pie that I had was a peach.

That’s nothing, I went into a saloon and had no money, so I let the beer settle.

* * * * *

“I think I’ll celebrate my golden wedding to-morrow.”

“Why, you must be crazy! You’ve only been married a little over a year.”

“I can hardly believe it! It seems like fifty.”

* * * * *

What did the Judge say when you sassed him?

He said I was a trifle too free, and gave me sixty days.

* * * * *

Just the other day my wife paid Ten Dollars for a pair of silk hose. I told her that Ten Dollars was too much to pay for a pair of silk stockings. She said she didn’t care which way the wind blowed, she wanted something to show for her money.

* * * * *

Did you ever hear a fairy story?

Yes, a friend of mine told me about a fairy who pinched his watch.

* * * * *

What is the difference between a cat and a match?

A cat lights on its feet and a match lights on its head.

* * * * *

“I saw a freak of nature yesterday.”

“What was it?”

“A baby born with human hands and bear feet.”

* * * * *

“Is your wife a victim of bargain days?”

“No, I’m the victim. She seems to enjoy them.”

* * * * *

“Horrible fire in the shoe factory.”

“Any lives lost?”

“A thousand souls” (soles).

* * * * *

Why did they make the hand on the Statue of Liberty 11 inches long?

I don’t know.

Well if they made it 12 inches it would have been a foot.

* * * * *

“My wife plays the piano entirely by ear.”

“That’s nothing! A friend of mine plays a mouth-harp with his nose.”

* * * * *

“What would you do if I should kiss you?”

“I should call for help?”

“H’m. Do you really think I’d need any help?”

* * * * *

“Do you think there is any danger in going up in a balloon?”

“Not half as much as there is in coming down.”

* * * * *

“I married my typewriter.”

“Why?”

“So I can dictate to her.”

* * * * *

My wife gave birth to triplets.

Why don’t you tell her to stop her kidding?

* * * * *

“May I print a kiss on your cheek?” I asked.

She nodded her sweet permission;

So we went to press, and I rather guess

I printed a large edition.

* * * * *

“Stingy Bill won’t pay for a glass of lager.”

“What does he do?”

“Hires root beer.”

* * * * *

“There was an accident at Mr. Child’s house yesterday. He broke through the mattress and fell into the spring.”

* * * * *

“My mother-in-law is nearly sixty years old.”

“That’s nothing. If mine lives long enough she’ll be a hundred and sixty.”

* * * * *

“Are you still following the races?”

“Yes, but if I ever catch up with them I’m going to quit.”

* * * * *

“What is our old friend Hardup doing nowadays?”

“O, he’s gone into real estate.”

“That’s the very last thing I should have supposed he’d do.”

“It was; he’s dead.”

* * * * *

When my mother-in-law was sick, I went to her bedside, and began to cry. She said, “Don’t cry, we will meet in the other world.” I began to go to church right away.

* * * * *

Passerby --Say, boy, your dog bit me on the ankle!

Boy --Well, dat’s as high as he could reach. You wouldn’t expect a little pup like him to bite yer neck would yer?

* * * * *

IS VERSE IN DANGER?

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *Questions at Issue*, by Edmund Gosse

We are passing through a period obviously unfavourable to the development of the art of poetry. A little while ago there was an outburst of popular appreciation of living verse, but this is now replaced, for the moment, by an almost ostentatious indifference. These alternations of curiosity and disdain deceive no one who looks at the history of literature with an eye which is at all philosophical. It is easy to say, as is commonly said, that they depend on the merit of the poetry which is being produced. But this is not always, or even often, the case. About twenty years ago a ferment of interest and enthusiasm was called forth, all over the English-speaking world, by the early writings of Mr. Swinburne and by those of the late Mr. Rossetti. This was deserved by the merit of those productions; but the disdain which, twenty years earlier, the verse of Mr. Robert Browning and Mr. Matthew

Arnold had met with, cannot be so accounted for. It is wiser to admit that sons never look at life with their fathers' eyes, and that taste is subject to incessant and almost regular fluctuations. At the present moment, though men should sing with the voice of angels, the barbarian public would not listen, and a new Milton would probably be less warmly welcomed in 1890 than a Pomfret was two centuries ago or a Bowles was in 1790. Literary history shows that a demand for poetry does not always lead to a supply, and that a supply does not always command a market. He who doubts this fact may compare the success of Herrick with that of Erasmus Darwin.

The only reason for precluding a speculation on the future of the art of poetry with these remarks, is to clear the ground of any arguments based on the merely momentary condition of things. The eagerness or coldness of the public, the fertility or exhaustion of the poets, at this particular juncture, are elements of no real importance. If poetry is to continue to be one of the living arts of humanity, it does not matter an iota whether poetry is looked upon with contempt by the members of a single generation. If poetry is declining, and, as a matter of fact, is now moribund, the immense vogue of Tennyson at a slightly earlier period will take its place among the insignificant phenomena of a momentary reaction. The problem is a more serious one. It is this: Is poetry, in its very essence, an archaic and rudimentary form of expression, still galvanised into motion, indeed, by antiquarianism, but really obsolete and therefore to be cultivated only at the risk of affectation and insincerity; or is it an art capable of incessant renovation--a living organism which grows, on the whole, with the expansion of modern life? In other words, is the art of verse one which, like music or painting, delights and consoles us with a species of expression which can never be superseded, because it is in danger of no direct rivalry from a similar species; or was poetry merely the undeveloped, though in itself the extremely beautiful, infancy of a type which is now adult, and which has relinquished its charming puerilities for a mode of expression infinitely wider and of more practical utility? Sculptors, singers, painters must always exist; but need we have poets any longer, since the world has discovered how to say all it wants to say in prose? Will any one who has anything of importance to communicate be likely in the future to express it through the medium of metrical language?

These questions are not to be dismissed with a smile. A large number of thoughtful persons at the present time are, undoubtedly, disposed to answer them in the affirmative, although a certain decency forbids them openly to say so. Plenty of clever people secretly regard the Muse as a distinguished old lady, of good family, who has been a beauty and a wit in her day, but who really rules only by sufferance in these years of her decline. They whisper that she is sinking into second childhood, that she repeats herself when she converses, and that she has exchanged her early liberal tastes for a love of what is puerile, ingenious, and

"finikin." A great Parisian critic has just told us that each poet is read only by the other poets, and he gives as the reason that the art of verse has become so refined and so elaborate that it passes over the heads of the multitude. But may it not be that this refinement is only a decrepitude--the amusement of an old age that has sunk to the playing of more and more helplessly ingenious games of patience? That is what those hint who, more insidious by far than the open enemies of literature, suggest that poetry has had its reign, its fascinating and imperial tyranny, and that it must now make way for the democracy of prose.

Probably there would have been no need to face this question, either in this generation or for many generations to come, if it had not been for a single circumstance. The great enemies of the poets of the present are the poets of the past, and the antiquarian spirit of the nineteenth century has made the cessation of the publication of fresh verse a possibility. The intellectual condition of our times differs from that of all preceding ages in no other point so much as in its attitude toward the writings of the dead. In those periods of renovation which have refreshed the literatures of the world, the tendency has always been to study some one class of deceased writers with affection. In English history, we have seen the romantic poets of Italy, the dramatists of Spain, the Latin satirists, and the German ballad-mongers, exercise, at successive moments, a vivid influence on English writers. But this study was mainly limited to those writers themselves, and did not extend to the circle of their readers; while even with the writers it never absorbed at a single moment the whole range of poetry. We may take one instance. Pope was the disciple of Horace and of the French Jesuits, of Dryden and of the conceit-creating school of Donne. But he was able to use Boileau and Crashaw so freely because he addressed a public that had never met with the first and had forgotten the second; and when he passed outside this narrow circle he was practically without a rival. To the class whom he addressed, Shakespeare and Milton were phantoms, Chaucer and Spenser not so much as names. The only doubt was whether Alexander Pope was man enough to arrest attention by the intrinsic merits of his poetry. If his verse was admitted to be good, his public were not distracted by a preference for other verse which they had known for a longer time.

This remained true until about a generation ago. The great romantic poets of the beginning of this century found the didactic and rhetorical verse-writers of the eighteenth century in possession of the field, but they found no one else there. Their action was of the nature of a revolt--a revolution so successful that it became constitutional. All that Wordsworth and Keats had to do was to prove their immediate predecessors to be unworthy of public attention, and when once they had persuaded the reading world that what they had to offer was more pleasing than what Young and Churchill and Darwin had offered, the revolution was complete. But, in order to draw attention to the merits

of the proposed change, the romantic poets of the Georgian age pointed to the work of the writers of the Elizabethan age, whom they claimed as their natural predecessors--the old stock cast out at the Restoration and now reinstated. The public had entirely forgotten the works of these writers, except to some extent those of the dramatists, and it became necessary to reprint them. A whole galaxy of poetic stars was revealed when the cloud of prejudice was blown away, and a class of dangerous rivals to the modern poet was introduced.

The activity of the dead is now paramount, and threatens to paralyse original writing altogether. The revival of the old poets who were in direct sympathy with Keats and Wordsworth has extended far beyond the limits which those who inaugurated it desired to lay down. Every poetic writer of any age precedent to our own has now a chance of popularity, often a very much better chance than he possessed during his own lifetime. Scarcely a poet, from Chaucer downward, remains inedited. The imitative lyrist who, in a paroxysm of inspiration, wrote one good sonnet under the sway of James I., but was never recognised as a poet even by his friends, rejoices now in a portly quarto, and lives for the first time. The order of nature is reversed, and those who were only ghosts in the seventeenth century come back to us clothed in literary vitality.

In this great throng of resuscitated souls, all of whom have forfeited their copyright, how is the modern poet to exist? He has no longer to compete--as "his great forefathers did, from Homer down to Ben"--with the leading spirits of his own generation, but with the picked genius of the world. He writes an epic; Mr. Besant and the Society of Authors oblige him to "retain his rights," to "publish at a royalty," and to keep the rules of the game. But Milton has no rights and demands no royalty. The new poet composes lyrics and publishes them in a volume. They are sincere and ingenious; but why should the reader buy that volume, when he can get the best of Shelley and Coleridge, of Gray and Marvell, in a cheaper form in The Golden Treasury? At every turn the thronging company of the ghosts impedes and disheartens the modern writer, and it is no wonder if the new Orpheus throws down his lyre in despair when the road to his desire is held by such an invincible army of spectres. In the golden age of the Renaissance an enthusiast is said to have offered up a manuscript by Martial every year, as a burnt sacrifice to Catullus, an author whom he distinctly preferred. The modern poet, if he were not afraid of popular censure, might make a yearly holocaust of editions of the British classics, in honour of the Genius of Poetry. There are many enemies of the art abroad, but among them all the most powerful and insidious are those of its own household. The poets of to-day might contrive to fish the murex up, and to eat turtle, if it were not for the intolerable rivalry of "souls of poets dead and gone."

On the whole, however, it is highly unlikely that the antiquarian

passion of our age will last. Already it gives signs of wearing out, and it will probably be succeeded by a spirit of unreasonable intolerance of the past. Intellectual invention will not allow itself to be pinioned for ever by these soft and universal cords of tradition, each as slight as gossamer in itself, but overwhelming in the immense mass. As for the old poets, young verse-writers may note with glee that these rivals of theirs are being caught in the butterfly net of education, where they will soon find the attractive feathers rubbed off their wings. One by one they pass into text-books and are lost. Chaucer is done for, and so is Milton; Goldsmith is annotated, Scott is prepared for "local examinations," and even Byron, the loose, the ungrammatical, is edited as a school book. The noble army of extension lecturers will scarcely pause in their onward march. We shall see Wordsworth captured, Shelley boiled down for the use of babes, and Keats elaborately annotated, with his blunders in classical mythology exposed. The schoolmaster is the only friend the poet of the future dares to look to, for he alone has the power to destroy the loveliness and mystery which are the charm of the old poets. Even a second-rate verse-writer may hope to live by the side of an Elizabethan poet edited for the Clarendon Press.

This remedy may, however, be considered fantastic, and it would scarcely be wise to trust to it. There is, nevertheless, nothing ironical in the statement that an exaggerated attention paid to historical work leaves no time and no appetite for what contemporaries produce. The neglect of poetry is so widespread that if the very small residuum of love of verse is expended lavishly on the dead, the living are likely to come off badly indeed. The other arts, which can better defend themselves, are experiencing the same sense of being starved by the old masters. The bulk of the public neither buys books nor invests in pictures, nor orders statuary according to its own taste, but according to the fashion; and if the craze is antiquarian, we may produce Raphaels in dozens and Shelleys in shoals; they will have to subsist as the bears and the pelicans do.

Let us abandon ourselves, however, to the vain pleasure of prophesying. Let us suppose, for the humour of it, that what very young gentlemen call "the might of poesy" is sure to reassert itself, that the votaries of modern verse will always form a respectable minimum, and that some alteration in fashion will reduce the tyranny of antiquarianism to decent proportions. Admit that poetry, in whatever lamentable condition it may be at the present time, is eternal in its essence, and must offer the means of expression to certain admirable talents in each generation. What, then, is the form which we may reasonably expect it to take next? This is, surely, a harmless kind of speculation, and the moral certainty of being fooled by the event need not restrain us from indulging in it. We will prophesy, although fully conscious of the wild predictions on the same subject current in England in 1580, 1650, and 1780, and in France in 1775 and 1825. We may be quite sure of

one thing, that when the Marlowe or the André Chénier is coming, not a single critic will be expecting him. But in the meantime why show a front less courageous than that of the history-defying Zadkiel?

It is usually said, in hasty generalisation, that the poetry of the present age is unique in the extreme refinement of its exterior mechanism. Those who say this are not aware that the great poets whose virile simplicity and robust carelessness of detail they applaud--thus building tombs to prophets whom they have never worshipped--have, almost without exception, been scrupulously attentive to form. No modern writer has been so learned in rhythm as Milton, so faultless in rhyme-arrangement as Spenser. But what is true is that a care for form, and a considerable skill in the technical art of verse, have been acquired by writers of a lower order, and that this sort of perfection is no longer the hall-mark of a great master. We may expect it, therefore, to attract less attention in the future; and although, assuredly, the bastard jargon of Walt Whitman, and kindred returns to sheer barbarism, will not be accepted, technical perfection will more and more be taken as a matter of course, as a portion of the poet's training which shall be as indispensable, and as little worthy of notice, as that a musician should read his notes correctly.

Less effort, therefore, is likely to be made, in the immediate future, to give pleasure by the manner of poetry, and more skill will be expended on the subject-matter. By this I do not understand that greater concession will be made than in the past to what may be called the didactic fallacy, the obstinate belief of some critics in the function of poetry as a teacher. The fact is certain that nothing is more obsolete than educational verse, the literary product which deliberately supplies information. We may see another Sappho; it is even conceivable that we might see another Homer; but a new Hesiod, never. Knowledge has grown to be far too complex, exact, and minute to be impressed upon the memory by the artifice of rhyme; and poetry had scarcely passed its infancy before it discovered that to stimulate, to impassion, to amuse, were the proper duties of an art which appeals to the emotions, and to the emotions only. The curious attempts, then, which have been made by poets of no mean talent to dedicate their verse to botany, to the Darwinian hypothesis, to the loves of the fossils, and to astronomical science, are not likely to be repeated, and if they should be repeated, they would scarcely attract much popular attention. Nor is the epic, on a large scale--that noble and cumbersome edifice with all its blank windows and corridors that lead to nothing--a species of poetic architecture which the immediate future can be expected to indulge in.

Leaving the negative for the positive, then, we may fancy that one or two probabilities loom before us. Poetry, if it exist at all, will deal, and probably to a greater degree than ever before, with those more frail and ephemeral shades of emotion which prose scarcely

ventures to describe. The existence of a delicately organised human being is diversified by divisions and revulsions of sensation, ill-defined desires, gleams of intuition, and the whole gamut of spiritual notes descending from exultation to despair, none of which have ever been adequately treated except in the hieratic language of poetry. The most realistic novel, the closest psychological analysis in prose, does no more than skim the surface of the soul; verse has the privilege of descending into its depths. In the future, lyrical poetry will probably grow less trivial and less conventional, at the risk of being less popular. It will interpret what prose dares not suggest. It will penetrate further into the complexity of human sensation, and, untroubled by the necessity of formulating a creed, a theory, or a story, will describe with delicate accuracy, and under a veil of artistic beauty, the amazing, the unfamiliar, and even the portentous phenomena which it encounters.

The social revolution or evolution which most sensible people are now convinced is imminent, will surely require a species of poetry to accompany its course and to celebrate its triumphs. If we could foresee what form this species will take, we should know all things. But we must believe that it will be democratic, and that to a degree at present unimaginable. The aristocratic tradition is still paramount in all art. Kings, princesses, and the symbols of chivalry are as essential to poetry, as we now conceive it, as roses, stars, or nightingales. The poet may be a pronounced socialist; he may be Mr. William Morris; but the oligarchic imagery pervades his work as completely as if he were a troubadour of the thirteenth century. It is difficult to understand what will be left if this romantic phraseology is destroyed, but it is still more difficult to believe that it can survive a complete social revolution.

A kind of poetry now scarcely cultivated at all may be expected to occupy the attention of the poets, whether socialism hastens or delays. What the Germans understand by epic verse--that is to say, short and highly finished studies in narrative--is a class of literature which offers unlimited opportunities. What may be done in this direction is indicated in France by the work of M. Coppée. In England and America we have at present nothing at all like it, the idyllic stories of Mr. Coventry Patmore presenting the closest parallel. The great danger which attends the writing of these narratives in English is the tendency to lose distinction of style, to become humorous in dealing with the grotesque and tame in describing the simple. Blank verse will be wholly eschewed by those who in the future sing the annals of the humble; they will feel that the strictest art and the most exquisite ornament of rhyme and metre will be required for the treatment of such narratives. M. Coppée himself, who records the adventures of seamstresses and engine-drivers, of shipwrecked sailors and retail grocers, with such simplicity and moving pathos, has not his rival in all France for purity of phrase and for exquisite propriety of

versification.

The modern interest in the drama, and the ever-growing desire to see literature once more wedded to the stage, will, it can hardly be doubted, lead to a revival of dramatic poetry. This will not, of course, have any relation to the feeble lycean plays of the hour--spectacular romances enshrined in ambling blank verse--but will, in its form and substance alike, offer entertainment to other organs than the eye. Probably the puritanic limitations which have so long cramped the English theatre will be removed, and British plays, while remaining civilised and decent, will once more deal with the realities of life and not with its conventions. Neither the funeral baked meats of the romantic English novel, nor the spiced and potted dainties of the French stage, will satisfy our playgoers when once we have strong and sincere playwrights of our own.

In religious verse something, and in philosophical verse much, remains to be done. The wider hope has scarcely found a singer yet, and the deeper speculation has been very imperfectly and empirically celebrated by our poets. Whether love, the very central fountain of poetic inspiration in the past, can yield many fresh variations, remains to be seen. That passion will, however, in all probability be treated in the future less objectively and with a less obtrusive landscape background. The school which is now expiring has carried description, the consciousness of exterior forms and colours, the drapery and upholstery of nature, to its extreme limit. The next development of poetry is likely to be very bare and direct, unembroidered, perhaps even arid, in character. It will be experimental rather than descriptive, human rather than animal. So at least we vaguely conjecture. But whatever the issue may be, we may be confident that the art will retain that poignant charm over undeveloped minds, and that exquisite fascination, which for so many successive generations have made poetry the wisest and the fairest friend of youth.

__1891.__

DOUG'S PEACOCK WALK

By Richmond

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Captain Billy's Whiz Bang*, Vol. 2, No. 24, September, 1921, by Various

What are the personal peculiarities of film people? In view of the fact that it is our bounden duty to torment, dilate and comment upon ye people of the screen, it behooves us to stop now and then to observe what they are and how they become that way, aside from being good looking, drawing big money and getting divorced.

Let's get right down to business. Take Allan Dwan, a well known director. Dwan doesn't hate himself any more than the law provides for. In fact, there is no reason Dwan should despise himself. He was a good electrical engineer; became interested in pictures and makes various flurries of coin according to the Angels who can be dug up to back his ventures.

Dwan formerly was a good athlete. He is powerfully constructed but noticeably short. About the studios it is well understood that one of the few faults Dwan finds with himself is that he isn't just up to his own personal idea of tallness. If he has a tender spot, it hinges upon this item of feet up and down. Someone conceived the idea that in order to tab him "Napoleon." But that line of bull has been overdone and so another gag had to be hatched up. "The Big Little Man," that is what those in close touch with Dwan call him when they desire to make a favorable impression. "The Big Little Man," that's a good title—better than some of the ones that appear on Dwan's pictures and a lot of other pictures.

Thus we dispose of Mr. Dwan, a cocky, brainy, peppy little fellow whose only regret is that he should be a little longer. Next we will consider Mr. Fairbanks, Mary's present husband, barring every state in the Union but Nevada—and Nevada isn't quite certain that Mary is still married to Owen Moore. Doug likes to tread about with his gang of retainers at his heels. Fairbanks cottons to the custom, styles and bequeathments of the English sporting gentlemen who stalked abroad with a company of idol worshippers.

Doug is not always the most distinguished looking of his company. At any event, he frequently is not the most noticeable. It was Fairbanks that discovered the now famous Bull Montana, who doubles for monkeys when one is required in the cast and whose ability to take punishment one time resulted in nine fire hoses being turned on him at once as he was swept down the gutter.

When Doug Fairbanks and Bull Montana walk down the street together the Bull "takes it away from him," as they say in the pictures when a subservient character grabs the best of the scene from the star. Bull has a face, at once fearsome and fascinating. He is so ugly that crowds follow him around. It is a frequent spectacle in Los Angeles to see Fairbanks, Bull Montana, Spike Robinson, Crooked Nosed Murphy, Benny Zeidmann, the press agent de luxe, and Mark Larkin, Fairbanks' special representative, beating it down the broad. Of course, Doug always struts in front, while the others in platoon formation tread proudly in the rear. The only place where Doug falls down is that some of his gang look funnier than Doug acts on the screen and the big star stands a chance of being overlooked in the "what the h—is coming here" attitude that rends the atmosphere as the Fairbanks battalion bears down upon the multitude. Yes, Doug likes to lead his gang into the big hotel corridors, where his cohorts then fade gracefully into the oblivion necessary to leave Doug

alone in his solitude for the yokels to admire and wonder at. You gotta hand it to Doug for rushing in with his gang and then giving them the fade away sign at the psychological moment.

Lottie Pickford—we have thought out loud a time or two before in these columns about Lottie. Unlike the demure Mary, Lottie likes the jazz stuff, the bright lights and some good looking young dude hanging around her. We never saw Lottie chew tobacco, but she can stow away a lot of the “grape.”

If we had our decision to make as regards Lottie’s chief peculiarity we would say that her idea is to be thoroughly known as Mary’s sister by doing things that Mary doesn’t. Lottie isn’t the first contrary girl, though, who can claim to be of famous family. There was Miss Roosevelt and later Mrs. Longworth. Didn’t the colonel himself call long and loudly for commodious families? And did you ever read that his daughter attained any particular fame aside from smoking cigarettes and not rearing children?

If you are a sort of a junior member of a family and fear that you will be overshadowed by some relative, cast for a famous mold, one way to attract attention is to copy the other one—backwards.

We come to Fatty—Roscoe Arbuckle. Roscoe’s peculiarity just now is to have people try and forget that his name is Fatty. Roscoe is getting dignified. He has half a dozen cars, just because people came to know him as “Fatty Arbuckle” and paid a lot of dough to see him. Just where Fatty expects to promote himself by being Roscoe passeth understanding. Surely he doesn’t think that he could act seriously without being thought funny. Perhaps Fatty is subtle. He may have tired of drawing laughs as a result of acting natural and figures he may get as many more by trying not to appear natural.

Now we are down to Mr. Griffith. Mr. Griffith, to our notion, is a great director. But Mr. Griffith is more or less deftly endeavoring to implant the idea in the public mind that he is a poet. That is Mr. Griffith’s peculiarity. He would not be seen much in public; rather he seeks to attract attention by remaining in seclusion. His well organized staff and his actors and actresses, who like him much, never pass up an opportunity to breathe it about that “Mr. Griffith is a poet.”

We never read any of David’s verses, but if he is a poet, it devoutly is to be desired that there were more poets and fewer directors operating in pictures.

After all, these little peculiarities or hobbies of the picture people are not harmful to any one in particular. We all like to strut and fluff and show our fine feathers. It’s human nature.

THE WOUNDED BIRD

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Poems*, by Katherine Mansfield

In the wide bed
Under the green embroidered quilt
With flowers and leaves always in soft motion
She is like a wounded bird resting on a pool.

The hunter threw his dart
And hit her breast,--
Hit her but did not kill.
“O my wings, lift me--lift me!
I am not dreadfully hurt!”
Down she dropped and was still.

Kind people come to the edge of the pool with baskets.
“Of course what the poor bird wants is plenty of food!”
Their bags and pockets are crammed almost to bursting
With dinner scrapings and scraps from the servants’ lunch.
Oh! how pleased they are to be really giving !
“In the past, you know you know, you were always so fly-away.
So seldom came to the window-sill, so rarely
Shared the delicious crumbs thrown into the yard.
Here is a delicate fragment and here a tit-bit
As good as new. And here’s a morsel of relish
And cake and bread and bread and bread and bread.”

At night, in the wide bed
With the leaves and flowers
Gently weaving in the darkness,
She is like a wounded bird at rest on a pool.
Timidly, timidly she lifts her head from her wing
In the sky there are two stars
Floating, shining ...
O waters--do not cover me!
I would look long and long at those beautiful stars!
O my wings--lift me--lift me!
I am not so dreadfully hurt ...

1919.

MAYTIME IN MIDWINTER.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *A Midsummer Holiday and Other Poems*, by
Algernon Charles Swinburne

A new year gleams on us, tearful
And troubled and smiling dim
As the smile on a lip still fearful,
As glances of eyes that swim:
But the bird of my heart makes cheerful
The days that are bright for him.

Child, how may a man's love merit
The grace you shed as you stand,
The gift that is yours to inherit?
Through you are the bleak days bland;
Your voice is a light to my spirit;
You bring the sun in your hand.

The year's wing shows not a feather
As yet of the plumes to be;
Yet here in the shrill grey weather
The spring's self stands at my knee,
And laughs as we commune together,
And lightens the world we see.

The rains are as dews for the christening
Of dawns that the nights benumb:
The spring's voice answers me listening
For speech of a child to come,
While promise of music is glistening
On lips that delight keeps dumb.

The mists and the storms receding
At sight of you smile and die:
Your eyes held wide on me reading
Shed summer across the sky:
Your heart shines clear for me, heeding
No more of the world than I.

The world, what is it to you, dear,
And me, if its face be grey,
And the new-born year be a shrewd year
For flowers that the fierce winds fray?
You smile, and the sky seems blue, dear;
You laugh, and the month turns May.

Love cares not for care, he has daffed her
Aside as a mate for guile:

The sight that my soul yearns after
Feeds full my sense for awhile;
Your sweet little sun-faced laughter,
Your good little glad grave smile.

Your hands through the bookshelves flutter;
Scott, Shakespeare, Dickens, are caught;
Blake's visions, that lighten and mutter;
Molière--and his smile has nought
Left on it of sorrow, to utter
The secret things of his thought.

No grim thing written or graven
But grows, if you gaze on it, bright;
A lark's note rings from the raven,
And tragedy's robe turns white;
And shipwrecks drift into haven;
And darkness laughs, and is light.

Grief seems but a vision of madness;
Life's key-note peals from above
With nought in it more of sadness
Than broods on the heart of a dove:
At sight of you, thought grows gladness,
And life, through love of you, love.

THE LAMBS OF GRASMERE, 1860

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Goblin Market, The Prince's Progress, and Other Poems*, by Christina Rossetti

The upland flocks grew starved and thinned:
Their shepherds scarce could feed the lambs
Whose milkless mothers butted them,
Or who were orphaned of their dams.
The lambs athirst for mother's milk
Filled all the place with piteous sounds:
Their mothers' bones made white for miles
The pastureless wet pasture grounds.

Day after day, night after night,
From lamb to lamb the shepherds went, 10
With teapots for the bleating mouths
Instead of nature's nourishment.
The little shivering gaping things
Soon knew the step that brought them aid,
And fondled the protecting hand,
And rubbed it with a woolly head.

Then, as the days waxed on to weeks,
It was a pretty sight to see
These lambs with frisky heads and tails
Skipping and leaping on the lea, 20
Bleating in tender, trustful tones,
Resting on rocky crag or mound.
And following the beloved feet
That once had sought for them and found.

These very shepherds of their flocks,
These loving lambs so meek to please,
Are worthy of recording words
And honour in their due degrees:
So I might live a hundred years,
And roam from strand to foreign strand, 30
Yet not forget this flooded spring
And scarce-saved lambs of Westmoreland.

THE PRELIMINARIES

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Preliminaries, And Other Stories*, by Cornelia A. P. Comer
(Numbers in brackets are page numbers PG apparently thought we needed to know. Ed.)



I

Young Oliver Pickersgill was in love with Peter Lannithorne's daughter. Peter Lannithorne was serving a six-year term in the penitentiary for embezzlement.

It seemed to Ollie that there was only one right-minded way of looking at these basal facts of his situation. But this simple view of the matter was destined to receive several shocks in the course of his negotiations for Ruth Lannithorne's hand. I say negotiations advisedly. Most young men in love have only to secure the consent of the girl and find enough money to go to housekeeping. It is quite otherwise when you wish to marry into a royal {4} family, or to ally yourself with a criminal's daughter. The preliminaries are more complicated.

Ollie thought a man ought to marry the girl he loves, and prejudices be hanged! In the depths of his soul, he probably knew this to be the magnanimous, manly attitude, but certainly there was no condescension in his outward bearing when he asked Ruth Lannithorne to be his wife. Yet she turned on him fiercely, bristling with pride and tense with overwrought nerves.

"I will never marry any one," she declared, "who does n't respect my father as I do!"

If Oliver's jaw fell, it is hardly surprising. He had expected her to say she would never marry into a family where she was not welcome. He had planned to get around the natural {5} objections of his parents somehow--the details of this were vague in his mind--and then he meant to reassure her warmly, and tell her that personal merit was the only thing that counted with him or his. He may have visualized himself as wiping away her tears and gently raising her to share the safe social pedestal whereon the Pickersgills were firmly planted. The young do have these visions not infrequently. But to be asked to respect Peter Lannithorne, about whom he knew practically nothing save his present address!

"I don't remember that I ever saw your father, Ruth," he faltered.

"He was the best man," said the girl excitedly, "the kindest, the most indulgent--that's another thing, Ollie. I will never marry an indulgent man, nor one who will let his wife manage {6} him. If it had n't been for mother--" She broke off abruptly.

Ollie tried to look sympathetic and not too intelligent. He had heard that Mrs. Lannithorne was considered difficult.

"I ought n't to say it, but can't explain father unless I do. Mother nagged; she wanted more money than there was; she made him feel her illnesses, and our failings, and the overdone beefsteak, and the underdone bread,--everything that went wrong, always, was his fault. His fault--because he did n't make more money. We were on the edge of things, and she wanted to be in the middle, as she was used to being. Of course, she really has n't been well, but I think it's mostly nerves," said Ruth, with the terrible hardness of the young. "Anyhow, she might just as well have stuck {7} knives into him as to say the things she did. It hurt him--like knives. I could see him wince--and try harder--and get discouraged--and then, at last--" The girl burst into a passion of tears.

Oliver tried to soothe her. Secretly he was appalled at these squalid revelations of discordant family life. The domestic affairs of the Pickersgills ran smoothly, in affluence and peace. Oliver had never listened to a nagging woman in his life. He had an idea that such phenomena were confined to the lower classes.

"Don't you care for me at all, Ruth?"

The girl crumpled her wet handkerchief. "Ollie, you're the most beautiful thing that ever happened except my father. He was beautiful, too; indeed, indeed, he was. I'll never {8} think differently. I can't. He tried so hard."

All the latent manliness in the boy came to the surface and showed

itself.

"Ruth, darling, I don't want you to think differently. It's right for you to be loyal and feel as you do. You see, you know, and the world doesn't. I'll take what you say and do as you wish. You must n't think I'm on the other side. I'm not. I'm on your side, wherever that is. When the time comes I'll show you. You may trust me, Ruth."

He was eager, pleading, earnest. He looked at the moment so good, so loving and sincere, that the girl, out of her darker experience of life, wondered wistfully if it were really true that Providence ever let people just live their lives out like that being good, and prosperous, and generous, advancing {9} from happiness to happiness, instead of stubbing along painfully as she felt she had done, from one bitter experience to another, learning to live by failures.

It must be beautiful to learn from successes instead, as it seemed to her Oliver had done. How could any one refuse to share such a radiant life when it was offered? As for loving Oliver, that was a foregone conclusion. Still, she hesitated.

"You re awfully dear and good to me, Ollie," she said. "But I want you to see father. I want you to go and talk to him about this, and know him for yourself. I know I'm asking a hard thing of you, but, truly, I believe it's best. If he says it's all right for me to marry you, I will if your family want me, of course," she added as an after thought.

{10}

"Ought n't I to speak to your mother?" hesitated Oliver.

"Oh,--mother? Yes, I suppose she'd like it," said Ruth absent-mindedly. "Mother has views about getting married, Ollie. I dare say she'll want to tell you what they are. You must n't think they're my views, though."

"I'd rather hear yours, Ruth."

She flashed a look at him that opened for him the heavenly deeps that lie before the young and the loving, and he had a sudden vision of their life as a long sunlit road, winding uphill, winding down, but sunlit always--because looks like that illumine any dusk.

"I'll tell you my views--some day," Ruth said softly. "But first--"

"First I must talk to my father, your mother, your father." Oliver checked them off on his fingers. "Three of them. Seems to me that's a lot of {11} folks to consult about a thing that does n't really

concern anybody but you and me!"

II

After the fashion of self-absorbed youth, Oliver had never noticed Mrs. Lannithorne especially. She had been to him simply a sallow little figure in the background of Ruth's vivid young life; some one to be spoken to very politely, but otherwise of no particular moment.

If his marital negotiations did nothing else for him, they were at least opening his eyes to the significance of the personalities of older people.

The things Ruth said about her mother had prepared him to find that lady querulous and difficult, but essentially negligible. Face to face with Mrs. Lannithorne, he had a very {12} different impression. She received him in the upstairs sitting-room to which her semi-invalid habits usually confined her. Wrapped in a white wool shawl and lying in a long Canton lounging-chair by a sunshiny window, she put out a chilly hand in greeting, and asked the young man to be seated.

Oliver, scanning her countenance, received an unexpected impression of dignity. She was thin and nervous, with big dark eyes peering out of a pale, narrow face; she might be a woman with a grievance, but he apprehended something beyond mere fretfulness in the discontent of her expression. There was suffering and thought in her face, and even when the former is exaggerated and the latter erroneous, these are impressive things.

"Mrs. Lannithorne, have you any objection to letting Ruth marry me?"

{13}

"Mr. Pickersgill, what are your qualifications for the care of a wife and family?"

Oliver hesitated. "Why, about what anybody's are, I think," he said, and was immediately conscious of the feebleness of this response. "I mean," he added, flushing to the roots of his blond hair, "that my prospects in life are fair. I am in my father's office, you know. I am to have a small share in the business next year. I need n't tell you that the firm is a good one. If you want to know about my qualifications as a lawyer why, I can refer you to people who can tell you if they think I am promising."

"Do your family approve of this marriage?"

"I have n't talked to them about it yet."

"Have you ever saved any money {14} of your own earning, or have you any property in your own name?"

Oliver thought guiltily of his bank account, which had a surprising way of proving, when balanced, to be less than he expected.

"Well,--not exactly."

"In other words, then, Mr. Pickersgill, you are a young and absolutely untried man; you are in your father's employ and practically at his mercy; you propose a great change in your life of which you do not know that he approves; you have no resources of your own, and you are not even sure of your earning capacity if your father's backing were withdrawn. In these circumstances you plan to double your expenses and assume the whole responsibility of another person's life, comfort, and happiness. Do you think that you have shown {15} me that your qualifications are adequate?"

All this was more than a little disconcerting. Oliver was used to being accepted as old Pickersgill's only son which meant a cheerfully accorded background of eminence, ability, and comfortable wealth. It had not occurred to him to detach himself from that background and see how he looked when separated from it. He felt a little angry, and also a little ashamed of the fact that he did not bulk larger as a personage, apart from his environment. Nevertheless, he answered her question honestly.

"No, Mrs. Lannithorne, I don't think that I have."

She did not appear to rejoice in his discomfiture. She even seemed a little sorry for it, but she went on quietly:--

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"Don't think I am trying to prove that you are the most ineligible young man in the city. But it is absolutely necessary that a man should stand on his own feet, and firmly, before he undertakes to look after other lives than his own. Otherwise there is nothing but misery for the women and children who depend upon him. It is a serious business, getting married."

"I begin to think it is," muttered Oliver blankly.

"I don't _want_ my daughters to marry," said Mrs. Lannithorne. "The life is a thousand times harder than that of the self-supporting woman --harder work, fewer rewards, less enjoyment, less security. That is true even of an ordinarily happy marriage. And if they are not happy --oh, the bitterness of them!"

She was speaking rapidly now, with {17} energy, almost with anguish. Oliver, red in the face, subdued, but eager to refute her out of the depths and heights of his inexperience, held himself rigidly still and listened.

"Did you ever hear that epigram of Disraeli--that all men should marry, but no women? That is what I believe! At least, if women must marry, let others do it, not my children, not my little girls!--It is curious, but that is how we always think of them. When they are grown they are often uncongenial. My daughter Ruth does not love me deeply, nor am I greatly drawn to her now, as an individual, a personality,--but Ruth was such a dear baby! I can't bear to have her suffer."

Oliver started to protest, hesitated, bit his lip, and subsided. After all, did he dare say that his wife would never {18} suffer? The woman opposite looked at him with hostile, accusing eyes, as if he incarnated in his youthful person all the futile masculinity in the world.

"Do you think a woman who has suffered willingly gives her children over to the same fate?" she demanded passionately. "I wish I could make you see it for five minutes as I see it, you, young, careless, foolish. Why, you know nothing,--nothing! Listen to me. The woman who marries gives up everything: or at least jeopardizes everything: her youth, her health, her life perhaps, certainly her individuality. She acquires the permanent possibility of self-sacrifice. She does it gladly, but she does not know what she is doing. In return, is it too much to ask that she be assured a roof over her head, food to her mouth, clothes to her body? How many men marry {19} without being sure that they have even so much to offer? You yourself, of what are you sure? Is your arm strong? Is your heart loyal? Can you shelter her soul as well as her body? I know your father has money. Perhaps you can care for her creature needs, but that is n't all. For some women life is one long affront, one slow humiliation. How do I know you are not like that?"

"Because I'm not, that's all!" said Oliver Pickersgill abruptly, getting to his feet.

He felt badgered, baited, indignant, yet he could not tell this frail, excited woman what he thought. There were things one did n't say, although Mrs. Lannithorne seemed to ignore the fact. She went on ignoring it.

"I know what you are thinking," she said, "that I would regard these matters differently if I had married {20} another man. That is not wholly true. It is because Peter Lannithorne was a good man at heart,

and tried to play the man's part as well as he knew how, and because it was partly my own fault that he failed so miserably, that I have thought of it all so much. And the end of all my thinking is that I don't want my daughters to marry."

Oliver was white now, and a little unsteady. He was also confused. There was the note of truth in what she said, but he felt that she said it with too much excitement, with too great facility. He had the justified masculine distrust of feminine fluency as hysterical. Nothing so presented could carry full conviction. And he felt physically bruised and battered, as if he had been beaten with actual rods instead of stinging words; but he was not yet defeated.

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"Mrs. Lannithorne, what do you wish me to understand from all this? Do you forbid Ruth and me to marry--is that it?"

She looked at him dubiously. She felt so fiercely the things she had been saying that she could not feel them continuously. She, too, was exhausted.

Oliver Pickersgill had a fine head, candid eyes, a firm chin, strong capable hands. He was young, and the young know nothing, but it might be that there was the making of a man in him. If Ruth must marry, perhaps him as well as another. But she did not trust her own judgment, even of such hands, such eyes, and such a chin. Oh, if the girls would only believe her, if they would only be content to trust the wisdom she had distilled from the bitterness of life! But the young know {22} nothing, and believe only the lying voices in their own hearts!

"I wish you would see Ruth's father," she said suddenly. "I am prejudiced. I ought not to have to deal with these questions. I tell you, I pray Heaven none of them may marry--ever; but, just the same, they will! Go ask Peter Lannithorne if he thinks his daughter Ruth has a fighting chance for happiness as your wife. Let him settle it. I have told you what I think. I am done."

"I shall be very glad to talk with Ruth's father about the matter," said Oliver with a certain emphasis on father. "Perhaps he and I shall be able to understand each other better. Good morning, Mrs. Lannithorne!"

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Oliver Pickersgill Senior turned his swivel-chair about, bit hard on the end of his cigar, and stared at his only son.

"What's that?" he said abruptly, "Say that again."

Oliver Junior winced, not so much at the words as at his father's face.

"I want to marry Ruth Lannithorne," he repeated steadily.

There was a silence. The elder Pickersgill looked at his son long and hard from under lowered brows. Oliver had never seen his father look at him like that before: as if he were a rank outsider, some detached person whose doings were to be scrutinized coldly and critically, and judged on their merits. It is a hard hour for a beloved child when he first sees that look in {24} heretofore indulgent parental eyes. Young Oliver felt a weight at his heart, but he sat the straighter, and did not flinch before the appraising glance.

"So you want to marry Peter Lannithorne's daughter, do you? Well, now, what is there in the idea of marrying a jail-bird's child that you find especially attractive?"

"Of course I might say that I've seen something of business men in this town, Ross, say, and Worcester, and Jim Stone, and that, if it came to a choice between their methods and Lannithorne's, his were the squarer, for he settled up, and is paying the price besides. But I don't know that there's any use saying that. I don't want to marry any of their daughters and you wouldn't want me to. You know what Ruth Lannithorne is as well as I do. If there's a girl in town that's {25} finer-grained, or smarter, or prettier, I'd like to have you point her out! And she has a sense of honor like a man's. I don't know another girl like her in that. She knows what's fair," said the young man.

Mr. Pickersgill's face relaxed a little. Oliver was making a good argument with no mushiness about it, and he had a long-settled habit of appreciating Ollie's arguments.

"She knows what's fair, does she? Then what does she say about marrying you?"

"She says she won't marry anybody who doesn't respect her father as she does!"

At this the parent grinned a little, grimly it is true, but appreciatively. He looked past Oliver's handsome, boyish head, out of the window, and was silent for a time. When he spoke, it was gravely, not angrily.

"Oliver, you're young. The things I'm as sure of as two and two, you don't yet believe at all. Probably you won't believe 'em if I put them to you, but it's up to me to do it. Understand, I'm not getting angry and doing the heavy father over this. I'm just telling you how some things are in this world,--facts, like gravitation and atmospheric pressure. Ruth Lannithorne is a good girl, I don't doubt. This world is chuck full of good girls. It makes some difference which one of 'em you marry, but not nearly so much difference as you think it does. What matters, from forty on, for the rest of your life, is the kind of inheritance you've given your children. You don't know it yet, but the thing that's laid on men and women to do is to give their children as good an inheritance as they can. Take it from me that this {27} is gospel truth, can't you? Your mother and I have done the best we can for you and your sisters. You come from good stock, and by that I mean honest blood. You've got to pass it on untainted. Now--hold on!" he held up a warning hand as Oliver was about to interrupt hotly. "Wait till I'm through--and then think it over. I'm not saying that Peter Lannithorne's blood is n't as good as much that passes for untainted, or that Ruth isn't a fine girl. I'm only telling you this: when first you look into your son's face, every failing of your own will rise up to haunt you because you will wish for nothing on God's earth so much as that that boy shall have a fair show in life and be a better man than you. You will thank Heaven for every good thing you know of in your blood and in your wife's, and you will regret every {28} meanness, every weakness, that he may inherit, more than you knew it was in you to regret anything. Do you suppose when that hour comes to you that you'll want to remember his grandfather was a convict? How will you face that down?"

Young Oliver's face was pale. He had never thought of things like this. He made no response for a while. At last he asked,--

"What kind of a man is Peter Lannithorne?"

"Eh? What kind of--? Oh, well, as men go, there have been worse ones. You know how he came to get sent up. He speculated, and he borrowed some of another man's money without asking, for twenty-four hours, to protect his speculation. He didn't lose it, either! There's a point where his case differs from most. He pulled the thing {29} off and made enough to keep his family going in decent comfort, and he paid the other money back; but they concluded to make an example of him, so they sent him up. It was just, yes, and he said so himself. At the same time there are a great many more dishonest men out of prison than Peter Lannithorne, though he is in it. I meet 'em every day, and I ought to know. But that's not the point. As you said yourself, you don't want to marry their daughters. Heaven forbid that you should!

You want to marry his daughter. And he was weak. He was tempted and fell, and got found out. He is a convict, and the taint sticks. The Lord knows why the stain of unsuccessful dishonesty should stick longer than the stain of successful dishonesty. I don't. But we know it does. That is the way things are. Why not marry where there is no taint?"

{30}

"Father--?"

"Yes, Ollie."

"Father, see here. He was weak and gave way--_once_! Are there any men in the world who have n't given way at least _once_ about something or other?--are there, father?"

There was a note of anguish in the boy's voice. Perhaps he was being pushed too far. Oliver Pickersgill Senior cleared his throat, paused, and at last answered somberly,--

"God knows, Ollie. I don't. I won't say there are."

"Well, then--"

"See here!" his father interrupted sharply. "Of course I see your argument. I won't meet it. I shan't try. It doesn't change my mind even if it is a good argument. We'll never get anywhere, arguing along those lines. I'll propose something else. Suppose {31} you go ask Peter Lannithorne whether you shall marry his daughter or not. Yes, ask him. He knows what's what as well as the next man. Ask Peter Lannithorne what a man wants in the family of the woman he marries."

There was a note of finality in the older man's voice. Ollie recognized it drearily. All roads led to Lannithorne, it seemed. He rose, oppressed with the sense that henceforward life was going to be full of unforeseen problems; that things which, from afar, looked simple, and easy, and happy, were going to prove quite otherwise. Mrs. Lannithorne had angered rather than frightened him, and he had held his own with her, but this was his very own father who was piling the load on his shoulders and filling his heart with terror of the future. What was it, after all, this adventure of the married life {32} whereof these seasoned travelers spoke so dubiously? Could it really be that it was not the divine thing it seemed when he and Ruth looked into each other's eyes?

He crossed the floor dejectedly, with the step of an older man, but at the door he shook himself and looked back.

"Say, dad!"

"Yes, Ollie."

"Everybody is so terribly depressing about this thing, it almost scares me. Aren't there really any happy times for married people, ever? You and Mrs. Lannithorne make me feel there are n't; but somehow I have a hunch that Ruth and I know best! Own up now! Are you and mother miserable? You never looked it!"

His father surveyed him with an expression too wistful to be complacent. {33} Ah, those broad young shoulders that must be fitted to the yoke! Yet for what other end was their strength given them? Each man must take his turn.

"It's not a soft snap. I don't know anything worth while that is. But there are compensations. You'll see what some of them are when your boys begin to grow up."

IV

Across Oliver's young joy fell the shadow of fear. If, as his heart told him, there was nothing to be afraid of, why were his elders thus cautious and terrified? He felt himself affected by their alarms all the more potently because his understanding of them was vague. He groped his way in fog. How much ought he to be influenced by {34} Mrs. Lannithorne's passionate protests and his father's stern warnings? He realized all at once that the admonitory attitude of age to youth is rooted deep in immortal necessity. Like most lads, he had never thought of it before save as an unpleasant parental habit. But fear changes the point of view, and Oliver had begun to be afraid.

Then again, before him loomed the prospect of his interview with Peter Lannithorne. This was a very concrete unpleasantness. Hang it all! Ruth was worth any amount of trouble, but still it was a tough thing to have to go down to the state capital and seek one's future father-in-law in his present boarding-place! One oughtn't to have to plough through that particular kind of difficulty on such an errand. Dimly he felt that the path to the Most Beautiful should be rose-lined and soft to {35} the feet of the approaching bridegroom. But, apparently, that was n't the way such paths were laid out. He resented this bitterly, but he set his jaws and proceeded to make his arrangements.

It was not difficult to compass the necessary interview. He knew a man who knew the warden intimately. It was quickly arranged that he was to see Peter Lannithorne in the prison library, quite by himself.

Oliver dragged himself to that conference by the sheer strength of his developing will. Every fibre of his being seemed to protest and hold back. Consequently he was not in the happiest imaginable temper for important conversation.

The prison library was a long, narrow room, with bookcases to the ceiling on one side and windows to the ceiling on the other. There were red {36} geraniums on brackets up the sides of the windows, and a canary's cage on a hook gave the place a false air of domesticity, contradicted by the barred sash. Beneath, there was a window-seat, and here Oliver Pickersgill awaited Lannithorne's coming.

Ollie did not know what he expected the man to be like, but his irritated nerves were prepared to resent and dislike him, whatever he might prove. He held himself rigidly as he waited, and he could feel the muscles of his face setting themselves into hard lines.

When the door opened and some one approached him, he rose stiffly and held out his hand like an automaton.

"How do you do, Mr. Lannithorne? I am Oliver Pickersgill, and I have come--I have come--"

His voice trailed off into silence, for he had raised his eyes perfunctorily {37} to Peter Lannithorne's face, and the things printed there made him forget himself and the speech he had prepared.

He saw a massive head topping an insignificant figure. A fair man was Peter Lannithorne, with heavy reddish hair, a bulging forehead, and deep-set gray eyes with a light behind them. His features were irregular and unnoticeable, but the sum-total of them gave the impression of force. It was a strong face, yet you could see that it had once been a weak one. It was a tremendously human face, a face like a battle ground, scarred and seamed and lined with the stress of invisible conflicts. There was so much of struggle and thought set forth in it that one involuntarily averted one's gaze. It did not seem decent to inspect so much of the soul of a man as was shown in Peter {38} Lannithorne's countenance. Not a triumphant face at all, and yet there was peace in it. Somehow, the man had achieved something, arrived somewhere, and the record of the journey was piteous and terrible. Yet it drew the eyes in awe as much as in wonder, and in pity not at all!

These things were startlingly clear to Oliver. He saw them with a vividness not to be overestimated. This was a prison. This might be a convict, but he was a man. He was a man who knew things and would share his knowledge. His wisdom was as patent as his suffering, and both stirred young Oliver's heart to its depths. His pride, his

irritation, his rigidity vanished in a flash. His fears were in abeyance. Only his wonder and his will to learn were left.

Lannithorne did not take the offered {39} hand, yet did not seem to ignore it. He came forward quietly and sat down on the window-seat, half turning so that he and Oliver faced each other.

"Oliver Pickersgill?" he said. "Then you are Oliver Pickersgill's son."

"Yes, Mr. Lannithorne. My father sent me here--my father, and Mrs. Lannithorne, and Ruth."

At his daughter's name a light leaped into Peter Lannithorne's eyes that made him look even more acutely and painfully alive than before.

"And what have you to do with Ruth, or her mother?" the man asked.

Here it was! The great moment was facing him. Oliver caught his breath, then went straight to the point.

"I want to marry your daughter, Mr. Lannithorne. We love each other very {40} much. But--I have n't quite persuaded her, and I have n't persuaded Mrs. Lannithorne and my father at all. They don't see it. They say things--all sorts of dreadful things," said the boy. "You would think they had never been young and--cared for anybody. They seem to have forgotten what it means. They try to make us afraid--just plain afraid. How am I to suppose that they know best about Ruth and me?"

Lannithorne looked across at the young man long and fixedly. Then a great kindness came into his beaten face, and a great comprehension. Oliver, meeting his eyes, had a sudden sense of shelter, and felt his haunting fears allayed. It was absurd and incredible, but this man made him feel comfortable, yes, and eager to talk things over.

{41}

"They all said you would know. They sent me to you."

Peter Lannithorne smiled faintly to himself. He had not left his sense of humor behind him in the outside world.

"They sent you to me, did they, boy? And what did they tell you to ask me? They had different motives, I take it."

"Rather! Ruth said you were the best man she had ever known, and if you said it was right for her to marry me, she would. Mrs. Lannithorne said I should ask you if you thought Ruth had a fighting chance for

happiness with me. She does n't want Ruth to marry anybody, you see. My father--my father"--Oliver's voice shook with his consciousness of the cruelty of what was to follow, but he forced himself to steadiness and got the words out "said I was to ask you what a man wants in the family of the woman {42} he marries. He said you knew what was what, and I should ask you what to do."

Lannithorne's face was very grave, and his troubled gaze sought the floor. Oliver, convicted of brutality and conscience-smitten, hurried on, "And now that I've seen you, I want to ask you a few things for myself, Mr. Lannithorne. I--I believe you know."

The man looked up and held up an arresting hand. "Let me clear the way for you a little," he said. "It was a hard thing for you to come and seek me out in this place. I like your coming. Most young men would have refused, or came in a different spirit. I want you to understand that if in Ruth's eyes, and my wife's, and your father's, my counsel has value, it is because they think I see things as they are. And that means, first of all, that I know {43} myself for a man who committed a crime, and is paying the penalty. I am satisfied to be paying it. As I see justice, it is just. So, if I seem to wince at your necessary allusions to it, that is part of the price. I don't want you to feel that you are blundering or hurting me more than is necessary. You have got to lay the thing before me as it is."

Something in the words, in the dry, patient manner, in the endurance of the man's face, touched Oliver to the quick and made him feel all manner of new things: such as a sense of the moral poise of the universe, acquiescence in its retributions, and a curious pride, akin to Ruth's own, in a man who could meet him after this fashion, in this place.

"Thank you, Mr. Lannithorne," he said. "You see, it's this way, sir. Mrs. Lannithorne says--"

{44}

And he went on eagerly to set forth his new problems as they had been stated to him.

"Well, there you have it," he concluded at last. "For myself, the things they said opened chasms and abysses. Mrs. Lannithorne seemed to think I would hurt Ruth. My father seemed to think Ruth would hurt me. Is married life something to be afraid of? When I look at Ruth, I am sure everything is all right. It may be miserable for other people, but how could it be miserable for Ruth and me?"

Peter Lannithorne looked at the young man long and thoughtfully again before he answered. Oliver felt himself measured and estimated, but

not found wanting. When the man spoke, it was slowly and with difficulty, as if the habit of intimate, convincing speech had been so long disused that {45} the effort was painful. The sentences seemed wrung out of him, one by one.

"They have n't the point of view," he said. "It is life that is the great adventure. Not love, not marriage, not business. They are just chapters in the book. The main thing is to take the road fearlessly, to have courage to live one's life."

"Courage?"

Lannithorne nodded.

"That is the great word. Don't you see what ails your father's point of view, and my wife's? One wants absolute security in one way for Ruth; the other wants absolute security in another way for you. And security--why, it's just the one thing a human being can't have, the thing that's the damnation of him if he gets it! The reason it is so hard for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven is that {46} he has that false sense of security. To demand it just disintegrates a man. I don't know why. It does."

Oliver shook his head uncertainly.

"I don't quite follow, sir. Ought n't one to try to be safe?"

"One ought to try, yes. That is common prudence. But the point is that, whatever you do or get, you are n't after all secure. There is no such condition, and the harder you demand it, the more risk you run. So it is up to a man to take all reasonable precautions about his money, or his happiness, or his life, and trust the rest. What every man in the world is looking for is the sense of having the mastery over life. But I tell you, boy, there is only one thing that really gives it!"

"And that is--?"

Lannithorne hesitated perceptibly. For the thing he was about to tell this {47} undisciplined lad was his most precious possession; it was the piece of wisdom for which he had paid with the years of his life. No man parts lightly with such knowledge.

"It comes," he said, with an effort, "with the knowledge of our power to endure. That's it. _ You are safe only when you can stand everything that can happen to you. _ Then and then only! Endurance is the measure of a man."

Oliver's heart swelled within him as he listened, and his face shone,

for these words found his young soul where it lived. The chasms and abysses in his path suddenly vanished, and the road lay clear again, winding uphill, winding down, but always lit for Ruth and him by the light in each other's eyes. For surely neither Ruth nor he could ever fail in courage!

"Sometimes I think it is harder to {48} endure what we deserve, like me," said Lannithorne, "than what we don't. I was afraid, you see, afraid for my wife and all of them. Anyhow, take my word for it. Courage is security. There is no other kind."

"Then--Ruth and I--"

"Ruth is the core of my heart!" said Lannithorne thickly. "I would rather die than have her suffer more than she must. But she must take her chances like the rest. It is the law of things. If you know yourself fit for her, and feel reasonably sure you can take care of her, you have a right to trust the future. Myself, I believe there is Some One to trust it to. As for the next generation, God and the mothers look after that! You may tell your father so from me. And you may tell my wife I think there is the stuff of a man in you. And Ruth--tell Ruth--"

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He could not finish. Oliver reached out and found his hand and wrung it hard.

"I'll tell her, sir, that I feel about her father as she does! And that he approves of our venture. And I'll tell myself, always, what you've just told me. Why, it must be true! You need n't be afraid I'll forget--when the time comes for remembering."

Finding his way out of the prison yard a few minutes later, Oliver looked, unseeing, at the high walls that soared against the blue spring sky. He could not realize them, there was such a sense of light, air, space, in his spirit.

Apparently, he was just where he had been an hour before, with all his battles still to fight, but really he knew they were already won, for his weapon had been forged and put in his hand. He left his boyhood behind him as he {50} passed that stern threshold, for the last hour had made a man of him, and a prisoner had given him the master-key that opens every door.

ROAD STOP

by David Mason

*It was like any other car on the road. It
was automatic, self-contained--and eternal!*

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The highway stretched away in ruler-straight perspective toward both horizons, black and shining in the sun like a river of ink. Beside it, the bright pastel buildings of Rest Stop 25 stood among the green trees. Occasionally a car shot past, a flash of metal and a hiss of split wind; but the road was one which was used more often at night, and was nearly empty in the afternoon.

Sam was the only attendant on duty. Stop 25 needed only two human attendants, even at its busiest hours. He sat, staring out at the highway, his elbows on the lunch counter, his round face blank, but his mouth set tightly. The phone at his elbow emitted a small grunting noise.

"You still there?" the phone voice said inquiringly.

"Yeah." Sam said, still staring at the highway.

"Well...." The voice paused. "Look, it might not come your way. It usually turns west at the New Britain intersection."

"Not always." Sam said. "It went by here once before."

"It almost never stops, anyway," the voice said firmly. "It won't stop."

"Some times it does," Sam said.

"It doesn't have to."

Sam shrugged and said nothing.

"Okay, then," the voice said. "I called you about it, anyway."

"Thanks."

Sam turned away, still watching the road.

Far off a speck of metal gleamed, growing larger. The distant high sound of brakes began, as a car decelerated, coming toward the Stop.

It was just an ordinary car, Sam told himself. That other car was still hundreds of miles away. But his hands were damp as he watched it grow larger.

It was an ordinary Talman sedan, with two people in it. It swung into the Stop's parking area, and its doors slid open smoothly. A small red light flashed on its arched front. The repair signal. In response the doors of the Repair shop opened. The Talman waited, as a man and a woman emerged from its padded interior and moved slowly into the Repair shop. The doors closed behind it.

The couple came toward the restaurant, where Sam stood waiting.

"Hi," the man said to Sam.

"Afternoon." Sam moved to the counter. "Something to eat while you're waiting, folks?"

The tall, dark girl glanced out at the closed doors of the Repair shop.

"How long's that car going to take?" she asked in a tired voice. "I wanted to get home tonight."

"Not long," Sam said. "It didn't look like anything complicated."

"How can you tell?" the man asked, sitting down. "It could take all night."

"Like something to eat while you're waiting?" Sam asked.

The woman stared at the lunch racks critically.

"I never like these places to eat in," the woman said, curling her lip. "You never know how long the food's been stored in the robot."

"Oh, hell, Grace," the man said wearily. To Sam he gave an apologetic shrug. "Just coffee."

"Well, you don't know," the woman insisted. "I mean...." She watched Sam drawing the coffee into a cup. "I used to cook a lot, by hand, till Jack had the autokitchen put in. He never had any stomach trouble till then. It's getting so everything's ... oh, I don't know. It's all out of reach. You don't know what's happening any more. Like the car."

"I wish I knew what she's talking about half the time," Jack said, blowing on his coffee. Sam leaned on the counter, looking past the couple toward the empty road.

"I know what the lady means," Sam said, almost to himself. "You get to thinking ... well, I can remember when people used to drive their own cars. Themselves. Steering and everything, except on the biggest highways. And everything got done with people. People made things, and cooked food, and grew plants. Everybody was busy all the time. It was better then."

The man called Jack shrugged. "Sure, sure. Everybody always talks about the good old days. But I don't see many of 'em going to live in the woods. Like Grace--she says she doesn't like the autokitchen, but she uses it."

"It saves time," Grace said. "I guess I will have coffee, too, mister."

"It saves time, she says," Jack said. "For what? She's got too much time now."

"I wonder what it must have been like in the old days, here," Grace said vaguely, staring around the lunchroom. "Everybody running in and out. All the drivers--trucks, with men in them, the way you read about it in the historical novels. Men that drove their own cars, in all kinds of weather ... gee."

"Just like on TV," Sam said, grinning.

"I hope we get the car out of there pretty soon," Jack said anxiously. He glanced out toward the silent garage. "I always wonder what would happen if the machinery stuck, or something. How would you ever get your car out?"

"It doesn't get stuck," Sam said. A peculiar look crossed his face as he added, "Not any more."

"Did it ever?"

Sam shrugged. "Oh, well, you know twenty or thirty years ago all this automatic stuff wasn't quite so good as it is now. Cars, repair shops ... things went wrong, sometimes. Like ... like the Traveler."

"The Traveler?" The woman looked up. "Oh, that's just a ghost story. Like the Flying Dutchman. Isn't it?"

The lunchroom was completely silent. Sam was no longer paying any attention to the couple sitting at the counter. He was close to the big window, standing stiffly, feet apart, like an admiral on a ship's

bridge, his eyes studying the empty horizon. There, where the lines of the road met with the precision of a drawing-board exercise in perspective, he thought he saw a fleck of light.

"It isn't when it goes past," Sam said, in a quiet tight voice. He talked at the window, his back to the other two, his words meant mostly for himself.

"It's not its going by. That doesn't bother me," he repeated. "It came by my old place five or six times, I remember. That's why I finally asked to be transferred out here, where it hardly ever goes by. But I could have gotten used to it. I mean, you don't have to look at it, or anything. It's just another car. Old, sure, but there's no difference. A car goes by, that's all. Only...."

"You mean it's real?" the woman asked, in a low voice.

Her husband's eyes were looking out, toward the empty road, following Sam's look.

"The Traveler," he said, without looking at his wife. "Sure, it's real. Why'd you think they don't make that model of car any more? It's real. I knew somebody who saw it, once."

"There might even be two or three Travelers," Sam said, watching the distant glitter of light. There was certainly a car coming. Just a car ... although it was still too far away to tell for sure.

"A haunted car!" the woman said, her eyes wider. "Gee!"

"It isn't a haunted car," her husband said. "It's just one of the earliest makes of automatic highway cars. Everything automatic, steering, destination set ... just like any car is, nowadays. Only it wasn't quite perfect, somehow."

"They got into their car," Sam said, his eyes picking out distant, microscopic details. The high flaring fins, the double headlamps ... lit up, although it was broad daylight on the road. He knew what the rest would be. It was moving so slowly. But it always moved slowly, barely thirty miles an hour. As if somebody wanted you to look and see....

"They just got in, the way anybody would do," Sam said. "They set a destination, and the windows closed up, and the airconditioner went on, and the car went out on the road."

"Only it never got there," the other man said. "Wherever it was going to go."

"But ..." the woman looked puzzled. "Wouldn't anybody stop it? I mean, wouldn't it run out of fuel, or ... well, how did the people in it get out?"

"It does just what any car does," her husband told her. "It gets fuel when it needs it. You can't just stop a robot control device. Not till it's good and ready."

"But the people in it," she said. "They'd starve, or something...."

The car called the Traveler, rolling at the stately thirty miles an hour it always held, was coming down the road now, and the two men stood, watching. The woman, a little behind them, watched too, her face growing whiter. No one said anything as the old fashioned car rolled by, straight and steady down the highway, holding the center of the lane as sharply as it always did.

There was a film of dust inside the windows, though the Traveler was clean and shining outside. But the film did hide the white bone faces, the despairing hands that had long ago stopped trying to break through those closed windows.

"They never did get out," the man named Jack said, as the Traveler rolled on, growing smaller along the endless road.

"I don't mind it when it goes past," Sam said, his voice thinner edged. "I really don't. It's just a car. Things like that used to happen. I mean, it's a car. Even when it stops to get gas, I don't have to pay any attention."

He looked at the couple, his mouth loose. "As long as it just goes on. That's all right. But I keep thinking some day it'll stop. And the door will open. And maybe ... maybe they'll want lunch."

He giggled uncontrollably, and then choked it back.

Outside, the big hangar doors of the repair shop opened. The car that had been inside appeared; it moved out and stopped, its doors open invitingly.

"Your car's ready now," Sam told the couple. "So long, folks. Have a nice trip."

FRUITS: HOW SEEDS ARE SCATTERED.

Project Gutenberg's *An Introduction to Nature-study*, by Ernest Stenhouse



35. PLANTS WHICH SOW THEIR OWN SEEDS.

1. =The fruit of the wallflower.=—Examine wallflower fruits and make out that each consists of the ripened pistil. Does the fruit open of itself? How many chambers does it consist of? Where are the seeds attached? Are they blown off at last by the wind? Draw the fruit. It is called a silique.

2. Compare with this the fruit of shepherd's purse (Fig. 62), and penny cress (Fig. 132), and notice that they are of the type of the wallflower fruit, but are much broader in proportion to the length. Such a fruit is called a silicula. Draw.

3. =The fruit of the pea.=—Examine a ripe pea-pod and compare it with (a) the pistil of an unfertilised flower, (b) a half-ripe pod. How many carpels have taken part in forming the pod? How many seeds (peas) does the pod contain? Leave a pod on the plant until the shell becomes dry, to find out how the fruit opens. Does it open along one edge only, or along both? How are the seeds attached? Such a pod is called a legume. Draw it.

Compare and draw the legumes of the broad bean, French bean, scarlet runner, laburnum (remember its seeds are poisonous), and bird's foot trefoil. The legume of the bird's foot trefoil bursts open suddenly and scatters the seeds in the air. Is the scattering of the seeds any advantage? Why?

4. =The fruit of the field geranium.=—Make out that five carpels are

grouped around a central rod. Examine fruits which have opened. About noon on a bright, sunny day gently touch a ripe fruit with a small brush, and watch the carpels spring back from the rod and jerk the seeds into the air. Compare and contrast this fruit with a siliqua, silicula, and legume respectively.

5. =The fruit of the poppy.=—Examine a poppy head. The top of the fruit is the stigma. Observe below this a line of small holes running round the fruit. Draw. Shake the fruit, and notice that seeds fall out through the holes. Cut the fruit across to see the large number of small seeds inside. How does the fruit hang on the growing plant? Does the wind shake it and liberate the seeds?

6. =The fruit of the pansy and violet.=—Watch the ripening of the fruits on the plants. Observe that the ovary swells up into an egg-shaped body which afterwards splits into three boat-shaped valves containing seeds. Try to make out why the seeds are one by one shot out as the sides of the valves dry. Put a ripe fruit before the fire and watch the process. Imitate it by placing a pea between two flat rulers and pressing the rulers together.

=The origin of a fruit.=—When the ovules of a flower have been fertilised (p. 92) by the pollen tubes they change into seeds which have the remarkable power of growing up—in favourable circumstances—into plants resembling that which produced the seeds. This is not, however, the only result of fertilisation. Whilst the ovules are changing into ripe seeds, those parts of the flower—the stamens, corolla, and calyx—which have finished their work wither and fall off, though the calyx sometimes remains. Other parts—the pistil and sometimes the receptacle (p. 90)—take on new duties, and become gradually modified in order to protect or scatter the seeds.

Thus, the tender wall of the pistil often becomes a woody, leathery, or juicy seed-case; while the receptacle, or top of the flower stalk, may become fleshy and swollen with sugary pulp, as a bait for birds and other animals. In any case we give the name of fruit to all such altered and persistent parts together with the seeds which accompany them. A pea pod, for example, is as truly a fruit as a plum, and a poppy-head as a strawberry.

What a fruit is like depends to a great extent upon the characters of the pistil which gave rise to it. If, for example, the pistil consists of several separate carpels, the ripened carpels or fruits will also be separate. When, on the other hand, the pistil is composed of united carpels, these will remain united, at least until the fruit is ripe. Then in some cases they come apart.

[Illustration: FIG. 131.—_A_, fruits of wallflower ($\times \frac{1}{5}$); _B_, siliqua ($\times 1$); _C_, siliqua open.]

[Illustration: FIG. 132.—Fruits (siliculae) of Penny Cress. (Nat. size.)]

The part of a fruit which is derived from the walls of the pistil is called the =pericarp=.

=The fruit of the wallflower.=—After fertilisation the stamens, petals, and sepals of the wallflower drop off, leaving the pistil alone on the top of the flower stalk. The pistil increases greatly in size (Fig. 131, _B_) during the ripening of the seeds. At last its wall (the pericarp) splits into two flaps. These become free at the bottom, exposing a central plate which bears the rows of seeds. When the seeds are quite ripe, a slight breeze is sufficient to shake them off, and they fall to the ground to take their chance of finding a place favourable for germination.

A fruit with a dry pericarp, which opens of itself when the seeds are ripe, is called a =capsule=. This particular kind of capsule—consisting of two carpels which come apart at maturity, leaving a central partition bearing seeds—is known as a =siliqua=. When it is short in proportion to its length, as in the shepherd's purse (Fig. 62) and penny cress (Fig. 132), it is distinguished as a =silicula=.

=The fruits of the pea tribe.=—The pod of the pea (Fig. 3) and its relatives is a capsule of another kind. It consists of one carpel only, and opens, when ripe, along both back and front margins to liberate the seeds. Such a fruit is called a =legume=. In the young fruit the pericarp is somewhat fleshy and succulent, but it becomes dry during ripening. The legume of the bird's foot trefoil bursts open suddenly, and throws the seeds to a considerable distance.

=The fruit of the field geranium= (Fig. 133) is a long capsule composed of five carpels arranged round a central column (_A_). When the seeds are ripe, the carpels suddenly spring from the rod, remaining attached only at their upper ends (_B_), and fling the seeds into the air. The method may be watched by stroking the fruits very gently with a small brush, when they open in the manner described. The experiment is most likely to succeed in dry, sunny weather, about the middle of the day.

=The fruit of the poppy.=—The pistil of the poppy swells during ripening into a large, globular capsule known as the poppy head. The top of the fruit (Fig. 134) is the persistent stigma. Just below this, a line of small holes like windows runs round the head. As the fruit hangs inverted on the top of the flower stalk it is shaken about by the wind, and the tiny seeds fall out through the windows.

[Illustration: FIG. 133.—Field Geranium ($\times \frac{1}{4}$).]

[Illustration: FIG. 134.—_A_, capsule of poppy; _B_, cross section of capsule ($\times \frac{1}{4}$); _C_, seeds.]

=The fruit of the violet or pansy.=—The arrangement by which the violet (Fig. 134) or pansy sows its seeds is most interesting. After fertilisation the ovary swells into a great egg-shaped capsule, in the inside of which the seeds are arranged in three rows. When the seeds have become ripe and hard, the capsule splits down the side along three lines, and is thus divided into three parts. These open outwards, and bend back as shown in Fig. 135. Each is a boat-shaped valve. The seeds inside are thus exposed to the air, and they soon dry and become ready for scattering.

[Illustration: FIG. 135.—Violet. _F_, explosive fruit; _S_, seeds being shot out of fruit.]

Then the curved sides of each valve begin to straighten and come together, and naturally allow less and less room for the hard, smooth seeds inside. The pressure of the sides of each valve on the seeds inside it becomes greater and greater, until one by one they are shot out to a considerable distance. If a ripe violet ovary be warmed before the fire the whole operation may easily be watched. The process may be imitated by putting a pea between two flat rulers and pressing the rulers together, when the pea may be shot to a distance of several yards.

=Why fruits are scattered.=—A flowering plant is practically confined for life to the place where it first sprang up, so that it is unable to go about and select favourable situations for its offspring. On the other hand, if the seeds simply fell to the ground beneath the parent plant, the seedlings would generally be so crowded together that they would interfere very much with each other's growth. In addition, they would often be under a great disadvantage, because the parent plant would keep so much light from them. Hence, very many plants have some special arrangement for scattering their seeds, so that some at least of the seeds will have a chance of falling in a place where they will obtain plenty of light, air, and good soil.

In this section we have studied examples of devices by which plants sow their own seeds. We shall see next that other plants call in the help of the wind and of animals.

36. SEEDS SOWN BY THE WIND.

1. =The fruit of the dandelion.=—Examine the manner in which the tiny flowers of the dandelion are grouped together to form the head (p. 113); and make out the various parts of the flower, especially the _ovary_—a little white knob at the bottom of the flower, and the

calyx-tube—forming a tuft of fine hairs above the ovary. Trace the development of the fruits: the withering of the corollas and stamens, the elongation of the calyx-tube, and the expansion of the tuft of hairs to form a parachute. Blow a dandelion “clock” (the head of fruits), and notice how the parachutes float the fruits in the air.

Examine “thistle down” and contrast it with the dandelion fruit.

2. =The fruit of the willow.=—Examine the ripened catkins of a female willow in June, and notice how each fruit has split into halves, which come apart and expose the silky seeds inside. Pull a tuft of seeds out and dry them in the sun. Notice that they wriggle and writhe about and gradually become entangled together into a woolly mass, which is easily blown away.

3. =The elm fruit.=—About the end of April look for elm fruits. Notice the flat green plate (wing) with the rounded swelling near the middle (Fig. 124, 5). Cut open the fruit and see that the swelling is caused by a single seed. How does the flat wing aid in the distribution of the seed?

Compare the winged fruits of the ash and sycamore (Fig. 137).

Do these winged fruits drop from the trees easily, or are they torn off by gales?

Take a pair of sycamore fruits. Cut off the wing from one and let it and an uninjured fruit fall at the same instant from a height. Which reaches the ground first? Why?

4. =Pine and fir cones.=—Examine and compare pine and fir cones of various ages. Break open a ripe cone and see the scales with the pairs of naked seeds, each seed bearing a thin, papery wing which has split off from the upper surface of the scale.

[Illustration: FIG. 136.—“Clock” of Dandelion Fruits. ($\times \frac{1}{4}$.)]

=Wind-sown seeds.=—Many plants depend on the wind for the dispersal of their seeds, and consequently the seeds are provided with outgrowths of various kinds, which increase the surface greatly without adding much to the weight, and, acting like parachutes, offer increased resistance to the air and thus prevent the seeds from falling quickly to the ground. In some cases the outgrowth is part of the pericarp, in others it is an appendix carried by the seed itself, while in the lime it is the bract upon which the flowers were formerly borne.

=The dandelion fruit.=—The fruit of the dandelion (Fig. 136) affords one of the best possible examples of wind-dispersal. It will be remembered (p. 113) that what is commonly called the flower of the

dandelion is really a head of perhaps 300 complete flowers: each with a hairy calyx-tube, a yellow, strap-shaped corolla, five stamens, and a pistil. When the flowers have been fertilised, the yellow corollas and the stamens wither, the ovary increases in size with the ripening of the single nutlet in its interior, and each calyx-tube elongates until it is about an inch in length, the tuft of fine hairs being still at its upper end. The attachment of the fruit (Fig. 86, 4) to the disc (receptacle) is so slight when the seed is ripe that a very gentle puff of air is sufficient to overcome it. The tuft of hairs at the upper end has by this time expanded until it acts like a parachute, which supports the tiny fruit for a long time in the air.

The common =thistle=—a relative of the dandelion—also distributes its fruit by means of a tuft of fine hairs derived from the calyx. In this case the hairs radiate from the seed. Such “thistle down” is commonly found floating through the air in summer.

[Illustration: FIG. 137.—A pair of Sycamore Fruits. ($\times \frac{2}{3}$.)]

=The willow fruit.=—The catkins of the female willow are ripe in June. Each catkin consists of a large number of tiny pods derived from the ovaries of the flowers (p. 151). Each fruit splits into halves, which bend back from each other (Fig. 121, F), exposing the silky seeds within to the warmth of the sun. The seeds (H) turn and twist about as they dry, and gradually entangle themselves together into a light, woolly mass, which is easily blown to great distances by the wind. The willow and the dandelion, therefore, use very similar devices to ensure the dispersal of their seeds, although these plants are not at all nearly related.

=The fruits of the elm, sycamore, and ash.=—These common forest trees bear fruits with the seed attached to a flat plate, which is an outgrowth of the pericarp (p. 167). In the elm fruit (Fig. 124, 5) the plate is green and oval, and the seed forms a rounded swelling at, or near, its middle. The fruits of the =sycamore= generally grow in pairs (Figs. 33 and 137). Each half consists of a single seed with an attached membranous plate, and the two seed-boxes of each pair are in contact. The fruits of the =ash= hang from the twigs in bunches called “keys,” each fruit on a separate little stalk. The plates which bear the seed are long, narrow, and oval in shape.

It is plain that such plates, or wings, expose a relatively large surface to the air and prevent the fruit from falling to the ground as quickly as it otherwise would. The fruit is thus often blown to a great distance before it finally settles and the seed germinates. The action of the wing may be well shown by cutting off the plate from a sycamore fruit and letting it and one with an attached wing fall at the same instant from a height. The seed without a wing comes straight down as a pea would; but the winged seed spins in the air and settles more slowly.

In the case of the round downy fruits of the =lime=, a similar service is performed by the bract (Fig. 126), upon which the flowers were carried.

=Pine and fir cones.=—If a ripe pine, or fir cone is broken open, it will be seen that each seed is attached to a thin, papery wing (Fig. 130, 4), which has split off the upper surface of the scale bearing the seeds. The winged seeds are shaken out of the cone by the wind, and blown away.

=Trees alone bear winged seeds.=—Winged seeds would be useless to any but fairly high trees, because if they were formed on the low plant they would fall to the ground long before the wind could catch them properly. It is also interesting to find that such seeds are generally attached so firmly that they are only broken off by gales strong enough to carry them a considerable distance.

On the other hand, the tiny plumed fruit of the dandelion or thistle is so very light in comparison with the surface exposed to the air that it takes quite a long time to fall even a few inches.

37. SEEDS WHICH ARE SCATTERED BY ANIMALS.

1. =Hooked fruits.=—Examine plants of herb bennet (wood avens) in summer and autumn, and find the fruits. Brush your sleeve against the fruits, and notice how they cling to the cloth. Examine them with a lens and observe the hooks at the ends of the styles.

Compare goosegrass (cleavers) and find the hooks on the fruits.

2. =Nuts.=—Examine a hazel nut. Notice the sheathing bracts at the base of the fruit. Crack the nut and examine the broken edge of the shell (pericarp) with a lens. Make out the three layers which compose it. How many seeds are present? Cut the seed (kernel) across and see that the bulk of it consists of two cotyledons (Chap. I.). Does the fruit open of itself, if undisturbed?

Compare the acorn of the oak. Trace the development of the acorn from the female flower, noticing that the cup is developed from a wrinkled disc surrounding the lower part of the flower. Cut across the ovary in June and notice that there are six ovules in it. In the ripe fruit observe that the cup separates easily from the nut. Remove the shell (pericarp) of the nut. How many seeds does it contain? What do you think has become of the other five ovules? Cut through the seed and observe the two cotyledons.

Compare the fruits of the beech. Notice that they are three-sided

nuts (each being a seed enclosed in a woody pericarp); and that two nuts occur together, surrounded by a bristly woody cup which splits, when the nuts are ripe, into four valves.

3. =Stone fruits.=—Examine a ripe plum. Cut it open and crack the stone to see the single seed. Notice that the pericarp consists of three layers as in the hazel nut, but that here the middle layer is soft and fleshy, and the outer layer is the “skin.” The stone is the inner layer of the pericarp. Is there any special means of liberating the seed? Compare the cherry, and examine the seed and the three layers of the pericarp.

Examine the fruits of the blackberry and raspberry, and observe that each consists of several small stone-fruits arranged on the receptacle.

4. =Berries.=—The gooseberry.—Notice the stalk at the bottom of the fruit, and, at the top, the withered remains of the calyx. Cut across a half-ripe gooseberry and observe the thick, fleshy pericarp enclosing the seeds. Treat a ripe gooseberry in the same way, and observe that the pericarp has now for the most part become a soft pulp, in which the seeds are embedded. The rest of the pericarp is a membranous skin. Is there any special means of liberating the seeds?

Compare grapes, currants, oranges, and vegetable marrow fruits, and notice that the structure of these resembles that of the gooseberry.

5. =The apple.=—Cut across the receptacle of the flower (apple blossom) and notice how the five carpels are buried in it (p. 106). Trace the formation of the fruit, and see how the receptacle becomes larger and larger during ripening. At the top of the ripe fruit observe the withered remains of the calyx. Cut the apple through across the middle to see the core. This consists of the horny walls of the five carpels and the contained seeds (pips). From what part of the flower is the fleshy, eatable part of the apple derived? Compare the pear.

6. =The rose hip.=—Examine fruits of the wild rose. Notice that they are urn-shaped. On the flat rim of the urn observe the five scars left by the sepals (or, in some cases, the sepals themselves). In the opening of the urn see a tuft of greyish hairs. Cut the fruit down from top to bottom through the middle to see the thick, fleshy wall of the urn and the contained nutlets. From what part of the flower is the fleshy wall of the hip derived? Examine a nutlet. What does the tuft of hairs seen in the mouth of the urn consist of? Open a nutlet with a needle and pick out the seed.

7. =The strawberry.=—Cut a strawberry down the middle and notice at the base the persistent calyx, in the inside the fleshy receptacle, and on the outside the yellowish nutlets. Open a nutlet with a needle and pick

out the seed.

=The help of animals.=—It has been seen in Chapter VI. that insects play a very important part in the fertilisation of many flowers. Very many plants also call in the aid of animals at a later stage for the dispersal of the seeds, and the devices by which this aid is obtained are often very ingenious.

=Hooked fruits.=—Sometimes after a country walk the reader has probably found small fruits and seeds sticking to his clothes. They have become attached to the cloth by means of small hooks which they carry. The fruit of the =herb bennet= (wood avens) is a good example of this device. When the stigma of the fruit breaks away, a little hook is left at the top of the style (Fig. 138). Goosegrass or cleavers—a common hedgerow plant—and many others have also hooked fruits. Sheep or cattle, grazing near such plants are very likely to brush against them and carry off the fruits and seeds in their hair. They may not again reach the ground until they have been carried far from the place where they grew.

=The position of hooked fruits.=—It is evident that these little hooks would be quite useless if the fruits grew out of the reach of animals. Such hooked fruits are never found, for instance, on high trees.

[Illustration: FIG. 138.—_A_, Aggregate Fruit of Wood Avens (nat. size); most of the stigmas have broken off. _a_, _a_, _a_, fruits with stigmas still attached; _c_, calyx; _B_, single fruit with stigma still attached (magnified); _C_, single hooked fruit after loss of stigma (magnified).]

=Nuts.=—A fruit which has a dry, woody pericarp and does not open of itself is called a =nut=. The fruits of the hazel, oak, and beech are good examples. The shell (pericarp) of the =hazel= nut (Fig. 139) is composed of three layers, and encloses a single seed, or kernel. The nut of the =oak= (Fig. 113) is called an acorn. Its lower part lies in a cup developed from a wrinkled disc by which the lower part of the female flower was surrounded. When the fruit is ripe the nut easily separates from the cup. The acorn contains one seed only, which consists largely of two swollen cotyledons. If the ovary of the female flower of the oak is cut across in June six ovules are found in it. As in the case of the hazel only one ovule is allowed to reach maturity; the rest are sacrificed in order that the remaining one may be more perfectly developed. In the =beech=, two three-sided nuts occur together, surrounded by a bristly, woody cup, which splits into four valves when the nuts are ripe.

[Illustration: FIG. 139.—_A_, group of Hazel Nuts ($\times \frac{1}{2}$); _B_, longitudinal section of fruit.]

=The dispersal of nuts.=—=Squirrels= and other nut-eating animals are instrumental in the dispersal of the seeds in a somewhat indirect manner. They have a habit of storing up nuts and seeds in holes; but in their active life these animals often forget where their larder is. The seeds, thus left to themselves, sprout and grow into trees. The unripe nuts of the beech are protected from the attacks of squirrels by the hard bristles on the outer husk.

[Illustration: FIG. 140.—_A_, Plum; _B_, longitudinal section; _C_, cross section; _E_, _M_, _En_, outer, middle, and inner layers of pericarp; _S_, seed. ($\times \frac{1}{2}$.)]

=Stone fruits.=—A ripe =plum= (Fig. 140) or =cherry= (Fig. 77), like a nut, consists of a seed and a pericarp; but here the pericarp is specially modified to tempt animals and at the same time to protect the seed from them. The inner pericarp-layer is a hard, woody shell called the stone; the middle part swells up to form a juicy, sweet mass; while the outer layer constitutes the “skin,” and is often beautifully coloured.

[Illustration: FIG. 141.—Blackberry. ($\times 1$.)]

=Blackberries= (Fig. 141) and =raspberries= consist of several small fruits of the plum type, which are arranged round an axis derived from the receptacle of the flower.

=Berries.=—The =gooseberry= (Fig. 142) is a type of this class of fruit. It contains several seeds. The pericarp is thick and fleshy before the fruit is ripe, but during ripening the greater part of it becomes a soft, sweet pulp in which the seeds are embedded. The rest of the pericarp is a membranous skin. =Grapes=, =currants=, =oranges=, and =vegetable marrow= fruits are also berries. The vegetable marrow has obviously a general resemblance to a half-ripe gooseberry but is on a much larger scale.

[Illustration: FIG. 142.—_A_, Gooseberry; _B_, longitudinal section; _C_, cross section. ($\times \frac{2}{3}$.)]

=The apple.=—In the apple (Fig. 143) we have an example of a fruit in the formation of which the receptacle has taken a large share. Even in the flower, the five carpels of the pistil are buried in the receptacle, and as the seeds (pips) ripen, the =receptacle= swells until it composes the greater part of the fruit and at last becomes sweet and fleshy. The carpels with the contained seeds constitute the =core=. The withered sepals are still to be seen at the top of the fruit. The structure of the =pear= is quite similar to that of the apple.

[Illustration: FIG. 143.—_A_, Apple; _B_, longitudinal section; _C_,

cross section. ($\times \frac{1}{3}$.)]

[Illustration: FIG. 144.—_A'_, Strawberry; _B'_, longitudinal section; _Ac_, carpel, _R_, swollen receptacle. ($\times \frac{2}{3}$.)]

=The fruit of the wild rose.=—The fruits of the wild rose are called =hips=. They are urn-shaped, and on the flat rim of the urn five scars show the former position of the sepals.

In some cases the sepals themselves have remained. The narrower mouth of the urn is filled by a tuft of greyish hairs which, when the fruit is cut open, are seen to be the styles of the carpels. The carpels are hairy, and stand on the bottom and sides of the urn-cavity. Each carpel contains a seed. Comparison with the flower shows that the red, fleshy urn is the developed =receptacle=.

=The strawberry.=—In the strawberry (Fig. 144) the eatable part of the fruit is again the swollen and juicy receptacle. In this case it has grown up on the _inside_ of the carpels—the little, yellow nutlets (carpels) lying on the surface. Each carpel contains a seed.

=Why some fruits are sweet.=—The delicious flavours of sweet fruits have been developed as baits for the allurements of such animals as are likely to scatter the seeds to the best advantage. Consider such fruits as cherries, currants, and rose-hips. Birds—such as thrushes—find them very nice to eat, and are ready to carry them away to consume at their leisure. The birds eat the sweet, fleshy part, but in the case of a stone-fruit they drop the stone and leave the seed to germinate. A seed which is in danger of being swallowed is either hairy like the rose-carpels (and therefore rejected because it irritates the mouth unpleasantly), or it is enclosed in a hard or horny case, upon which the animal's digestive juices are unable to act. When the seed is dropped it is no worse for its experience, and with good luck grows up into a plant.

[Illustration: FIG. 145.—Holly. The red colour of the fruits contrasts strongly with the dark-green of the leaves. ($\times \frac{1}{6}$.)]

=Eatable fruits generally conspicuous.=—In order that birds and other animals may easily find the luscious fruits which they may eat as a reward for scattering the seeds, such fruits are almost always displayed very conspicuously, and are brilliantly coloured. Oranges, plums, red currants, apples, etc., illustrate this fact well. =Red= is perhaps the commonest colour of eatable fruits, because it contrasts so strongly with the green colour of the foliage (Fig. 145).

EXERCISES UPON CHAPTER IX.

1. Name and define the different kinds of self-opening fruits. From what common plants could you collect examples of these during an Autumn walk? (N.F.U.)
 2. Describe any rough, prickly, or hairy seeds or fruits, explaining the form and nature of the outgrowths and their use. (N.F.U.)
 3. What wild fruits and wild flowers would you expect to find in September in your part of the country? In what kinds of places would you look for them? (N.F.U.)
 4. Describe and draw the fruit of a field geranium, and point out the uses of some of its peculiarities. (1898)
 5. Describe the seed vessels of a pansy. Draw one entire, and also burst open. How does it scatter the seeds? (1898)
 6. Shortly describe the fruit of an apple or pear, and of a cherry or plum. Point out the chief differences between them. (1901)
 7. How are the seeds of cherry, field geranium, and pine or birch dispersed? (1901)
 8. Give examples of seeds which are dispersed by the aid of birds or other animals, explaining in each case how the dispersal is effected. (1893)
 9. Why is it an advantage to some fruits to be (_a_) brightly coloured, (_b_) sweet? Give examples.
 10. A school museum contains, among other things, some dandelion fluff, a dish of marrowfat peas, a few nodules of garlic, and some hawthorn berries. How could you employ these to illustrate a lesson on plant germination? (Certificate 1903)
-

RECIPES

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Century Cook Book*, by Mary Ronald

=ROLLED FILLETS OF FLOUNDER=

Select flounders of uniform size, and large enough to make two strips about two and a half inches wide on each side, each fish giving four fillets. Marinate them, or else dredge with salt and pepper, and dip into butter. Roll them, beginning at the broad end, and fasten with a wooden tooth-pick. Egg and bread-crumb them, and fry in hot fat for seven minutes. Fry only four at a time, that the fat may not be too much cooled when they go in. Remove the skewer carefully, and serve with rémoulade, Tartare, or tomato sauce.

=CLUB HOUSE FISH BALLS=

Boil the quantity of codfish that will be needed, changing the water once, that it may not be too salt. While the fish is hot, pick it very fine, so that it is feathery; it cannot be done fine enough with a fork, and should be picked by hand. At the same time have hot boiled potatoes ready. Mash them thoroughly, and make them creamy with milk and a good-sized lump of butter. To three cupfuls of the mashed potatoes take one and one half cupfuls of fish. The fish should not be packed down. Beat one egg lightly, and stir into the other ingredients; season to taste. Beat the mixture well together and until light, then mold it into small balls, handling lightly, and before frying, roll the balls in flour. Fry them in smoking hot fat until a golden color.[128-*]

FOOTNOTES:

[128-*] This mixture can be spread on a pan, then marked into squares, and baked in the oven. This method makes it a more wholesome dish for those who are unable to eat fried preparations.--M. R.

=EGGS WITH TOMATOES=

Put into the chafing-dish a cupful of canned tomatoes, and cook until they begin to soften; then season with one tablespoonful of butter, salt and pepper to taste. Add two beaten eggs, and stir constantly until they begin to thicken. Then extinguish the flame, and the heat of the dish will be sufficient to complete the cooking. Stir constantly until they are of the consistency of scrambled eggs. Serve at once, or they will

separate.

=TOMATOES AND RICE=

Put into a chafing-dish a half cupful of tomatoes; add a bay-leaf, a few drops of onion-juice, pepper and salt to taste. Let them cook until tender, then remove the bay-leaf and stir in as much boiled rice as can be well coated and moistened with the tomatoes. Serve with cracker biscuits.

=SOME CHEAP SOUPS=

_ Tomato. _--Turn a can of tomatoes into a stew-pan, and let come to a boil; fry some bread in dice, place them at the bottom of a soup tureen, and rub the tomatoes through a colander over them; put the pulp left in the colander back into the stewpan; add water, let it boil up, and strain again into the tureen; stir in a teaspoonful of butter, season with pepper and salt, and serve.

_ Carrot. _--Boil half a dozen large carrots until quite tender; then rub them through a colander into a saucepan; add a pint and a half of water to the pulp, and boil; thicken with a little flour, and add a teaspoonful of butter, pepper and salt.

_ Potato. _--Boil half a dozen large potatoes; rub them through a sieve (coarse hair is the best) into a saucepan in which there have been placed a shredded onion, some chopped parsley, and about a cupful of milk. Stir in the potato pulp, and thin with water. Season with pepper and salt.

_ Bean. _--Soak some beans over night, boil for one hour; add an onion when nearly soft, rub them through a colander into a tureen in which have been already placed some onions fried in butter or lard, and add water if too thick.

_ Celery. _--Take the cast-off leaves and hard ends of a bunch of celery, and let them boil until perfectly shredded; then strain the water into some thickened milk, and let it all come to the boiling point, but not boil. Season with butter, pepper and salt. It is a very good addition to this soup to break an egg into the tureen, and pour the soup upon it.

Stock can be used in any of these soups instead of water.

=STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE=

4 cupfuls of sifted flour.
3 heaping teaspoonfuls of baking-powder.
1 teaspoonful of salt.
1 teaspoonful of butter.
1 teaspoonful of lard.
Milk.
2 quarts of strawberries.

Sift the baking-powder and salt with the flour, rub in the shortening; then with a fork stir in lightly and quickly sufficient milk to make a soft dough--too soft to roll. Turn it into a greased tin, and bake in a hot oven for thirty minutes. Watch to see that it rises evenly. Unmold, and leaving it inverted, cut a circle around the top, within one inch of the edge; lift off the circle of crust, and with a fork pick out the crumb from the center, leaving about three quarters of an inch of biscuit around the sides. Spread the inside of the cake with butter, and then fill it with crushed strawberries, which have been standing half an hour or more mixed with sugar enough to sweeten them. Turn off the juice from the berries before filling the cake. Replace the circle of crust, and cover the whole cake, top and sides, with meringue, heaping it irregularly on the top. Use a pastry-bag if convenient to give the meringue ornamental form. Place it in the oven a moment to slightly color the meringue. Arrange a few handsome berries on the top. Serve the strawberry-juice as a sauce. Whipped cream may be used instead of meringue, if convenient. Shortcake, to be good, should be freshly made, and served as soon as put together.

— Selections from —
— GOOD FRIDAY —
— A DRAMATIC POEM —

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Selected Poems*, by John Masefield

MADMAN

They cut my face, there's blood upon my brow.
So, let it run, I am an old man now,
An old, blind beggar picking filth for bread.
Once I wore silk, drank wine,
Spent gold on women, feasted, all was mine;
But this uneasy current in my head
Burst, one full moon, and cleansed me, then I saw
Truth like a perfect crystal, life its flaw,
I told the world, but I was mad, they said.

I had a valley farm above a brook,

My sheep bells there were sweet,
And in the summer heat
My mill wheels turned, yet all these things they took;
Ah, and I gave them, all things I forsook
But that green blade of wheat,
My own soul's courage, that they did not take.
I will go on, although my old heart ache.
Not long, not long.
Soon I shall pass behind
This changing veil to that which does not change,
My tired feet will range
In some green valley of eternal mind
Where Truth is daily like the water's song.

The wild-duck, stringing through the sky,
Are south away.
Their green necks glitter as they fly,
The lake is gray,
So still, so lone, the fowler never heeds.
The wind goes rustle, rustle, through the reeds.

* * * * *

There they find peace to have their own wild souls.
In that still lake,
Only the moonrise or the wind controls
The way they take,
Through the gray reeds, the cocking moorhen's lair,
Rippling the pool, or over leagues of air.

* * * * *

Not thus, not thus are the wild souls of men.
No peace for those
Who step beyond the blindness of the pen
To where the skies unclose.
For them the spitting mob, the cross, the crown of thorns,
The bull gone mad, the saviour on his horns.

* * * * *

Beauty and Peace have made
No peace, no still retreat,
No solace, none.
Only the unafraid
Before life's roaring street
Touch Beauty's feet,
Know Truth, do as God bade,
Become God's son. [_ Pause. _]

Darkness come down, cover a brave man's pain.
Let the bright soul go back to God again.
Cover that tortured flesh, it only serves
To hold that thing which other power nerves.
Darkness, come down, let it be midnight here,
In the dark night the untroubled soul sings clear.

[_ It darkens. _]

I have been scourged, blinded and crucified,
My blood burns on the stones of every street
In every town; wherever people meet
I have been hounded down, in anguish died.

[_ It darkens. _]

The creaking door of flesh rolls slowly back.
Nerve by red nerve the links of living crack,
Loosing the soul to tread another track.

Beyond the pain, beyond the broken clay,
A glimmering country lies
Where life is being wise,
All of the beauty seen by truthful eyes
Are lilies there, growing beside the way.
Those golden ones will loose the torted hands,
Smooth the scarred brow, gather the breaking soul,
Whose earthly moments drop like falling sands
To leave the spirit whole.

Only a penny, a penny,
Lilies brighter than any,
Lilies whiter than snow.
Beautiful lilies grow
Wherever the truth so sweet
Has trodden with bloody feet,
Has stood with a bloody brow.
Friend, it is over now,
The passion, the sweat, the pains,
Only the truth remains.

* * * * *

I cannot see what others see;
Wisdom alone is kind to me,
Wisdom that comes from Agony.

* * * * *

Wisdom that lives in the pure skies,
The untouched star, the spirit's eyes;
O Beauty, touch me, make me wise.

Tulips and Chimneys, by E. E. Cummings.

New York- Thomas Seltzer. \$2.00.

Review by (Editor) Slater Brown in *Broom* - January 1924

Modern art gets much less explanation than it deserves. The artist is too busy pioneering, the intransigent critic too busy fighting his own battles. Nor does any explanation come from the critics of the older school. They have a fear of tasting anything which they cannot recognize at a glance, they refuse to understand anything which is disturbingly new. But since they are house-broken only in their own traditions and would inevitably make a mess of themselves if they wandered afield, it is perhaps fortunate for the world that they make no attempt to understand the underlying aesthetic upon which these crisp and brilliant poems of E. E. Cummings are built.

For Cummings is not only a poet but a painter. His knowledge of word value is as profound as his knowledge of color, and it is largely for this reason, because he has carried over the eye and method of art into the field of poetry, that the fresh, living, glamorous forms he has created seem so intangible. To many of those who do not understand this fact, this translation of one art into the technic of another, the poems of E. E. Cummings seem nothing more than verbal and typographical mannerism.

But it is not too unapparent in his work that Cummings' approach to poetry has been quite definitely through painting. The spatial organization of color has become the durational organization of words, the technical problem that of tempo. Words, like planes in abstract painting, function not as units in a logical structure, but as units functioning in a vital and organic structure of time. Logic and all its attributes of grammar, spelling and punctuation, become subservient to the imperial demands of form. The words must come at the moment juste, the spark perfectly timed must ignite them at their fullest incipient power.

while in the battered
bodies
the odd
unlovely
souls struggle
slowly and writhe
like caught.

brave:
flies;

In this quotation the verbal units fall, almost as if by fate, into a sharp relentless tempo that drives each into the highest incandescence of its meaning. There is no waste, the skilful orchestration of tempo forces each word to the final limit of its stress.

But Cummings not only derives his technical organization from painting. The sudden and glaring accuracies of description with which his poetry abounds, are those of an amazingly adept draughtsman who has for the moment exchanged his own medium for that of words. In some cases this pictorial accuracy is that of a photograph taken with a lens of ice, brutally clear- But in many of his more recent poems, of which there are all too few examples in the present volume, this accuracy, deepened and sharpened by satire, cuts both ways. These poems, particularly the ones published in the fourth number of *Secession*, have all the quality of Daumier plus that formal significance which Daumier never attained. It is a satire both in form and import far beyond the timid and retiring ironies of T. S. Eliot; a satire which reveals Cummings as completely inoculated against that galloping stagnation which seems to carry off so many of our younger American poets.

Of the grace of Cummings' poetry much has been written. But grace is an emanation, the residue or by-product of a means which has utterly realized its aesthetic or extra-aesthetic purpose. It is an ease which springs from the perfect economy of method. But since it cannot be its own purpose, since it can only be attained by way of a technic whose purpose is not grace itself, it necessarily extends beyond the reaches of analysis. Nevertheless it may be touched by a consideration of that purpose from which it emanates, and though I may be leading myself by the nose into a very doubtful territory of assumptions, I should say that the formal grace (one might as well say beauty and be done with it) of Cummings' work is largely due to the fact that the lines of his poems are built for speed. Their beauty is that of all swift things seen at rest.

In his best work this speed is evident; there exists in them an organized direction toward which each verbal unit functions at its highest velocity. Cummings seldom attempts to achieve momentum through the utilization of mass, the violent and often painful impact of his poems is the active manifestation of speed; their formal beauty has that quality common to racing cars, aeroplanes, and to those birds surviving because of their swift wings.

But it is this speed, this sudden impact of his poems which turns so many people against them. Men do not like to be knocked down, particularly by some quality they admire. But if art is to have any of the contemporary virtues it must have speed, and though it is perhaps more pleasant to be softly overturned by the witching waves

of Amy Lowell, or knocked slowly numb by the water droppings of Georgian poetasters, it is certainly more exhilarating to experience the sharp, the living, the swift, the brilliant tempos of E. E. Cummings. And though the selection of poems in this volume is neither a sensitive nor a comprehensive one, though it contains certain poems of questionable value, it nevertheless stands as the most important work of poetry yet published in America.

THE LITERARY TOUGH

Chicago Poems, Cornhuskers, Smoke and Steel.

By Carl Sandburg

Harcourt, Brace & Howe.

review, for *The Double Dealer*, Feb. 1922, by William Loeber.

SNOBBISHNESS is so characteristically an imperishable human trait, it is high time it came to be listed among the virtues. Even so universal an appreciation as the appreciation of literature is touched and tainted by this dry-rot of the critical attitude. Last week I read a paragraph by Dr. Felix E. Schelling, Phi Beta Kappa senator or whatever those elders are called, and luminary of the Department of English, University of Pennsylvania. His statement in substance was a tilt of the academic nose. He declared that Carl Sandburg need trouble no one especially; that Carl Sandburg represented the intellectual Tough, and that we could ignore him as we can ignore the Tough on the streets. ". . . he is just a man who sets out to find ugly things and to tell about them in an ugly way." Perhaps, Mr. Sandburg would thank me but little for being irritated by such dusting of sensitive hands; perhaps he would prefer that I forget Dr. Schelling and his dusting; perhaps Mr. Sandburg welcomes the name of Tough. I don't know. Better than that, I don't care. For the moment I am interested in that kind of snobbishness in more or less authoritative pedagogic circles which tilts a nose at any literary expression

which does not very obviously carry on the tradition of dead and honored writers.

I suspect that Dr. Schelling spied the word "hog-butcher" and was shocked into a conviction which he could not change though he read every poem Carl Sandburg has ever written. We acquire our attitudes that way. Believing this, I reread Sandburg's three volumes, "Chicago Poems," "Cornhuskers," and "Smoke and Steel." I assumed that Dr. Schelling was willing to dust Sandburg off his hands because of the words Sandburg used and not because of his ideas and imagery. Consequently, if a poem held words or combinations of words like "traffic cops," "soup," "shoe leather," "Philadelphia," "mister," "coffee cups," "summer shirt sale," "scissors," "cheap at the price," words most pertinent to life but, to the professors, quite out of place in an emotional reflection of life, I checked off the poem as a tough-ugly poem.

The result was interesting. Out of the 441 poems in the three books 199 were tough and 242 could not, I think, even by Dr. Schelling, be considered as tough. I tried to be careful. It frightened me, I was so careful. If a word suggested the least toughness, it threw out the entire poem. In "Chicago Poems," I learned that only 45 out of 101 were tough; in "Cornhuskers," 53 out of 103; in "Smoke and Steel," 104 out of 192. Mr. Sandburg seems to be growing

tougher with each book ; but my research shows him still on the side of the academic angels.

The point of the matter is, I think, this: it would be absurd for Mr. Sandburg to adopt a set of words foreign to the life he is attempting to express. It is indicative of a rare sincerity that he courageously uses those very words which vitalize his images. And it is ridiculous for his admirers to apologize for him—and some of them do—because it is believed he sometimes writes under the influence of the "he-man" "eater-of raw-meat" dramatization of his personality. I have the conviction that Mr. Sandburg writes just how it feels for him to be alive. As far as it is humanly possible, he uses those words which are for him the most expressive of his inspiration. And if his choice of words shocks the sensitive, it discloses not so much a lack in his ability to make poems as a limitation in the ability of the academically sensitive to read them. Whatever the frock-coats think of the clothes Mr. Sandburg's poems wear, there is in the heart of each of them, as Sherwood Anderson has suggested in a recent Bookman, the "sensitive, naive, hesitating Carl Sandburg, a Sandburg that hears the voice of the wind over the roofs of houses at night, a Sandburg that wanders often alone through grim city streets on winter nights," a Sandburg that knows and loves his people and their cities. It smacks of an apology for what the literary touch-me-nots name the "hairy Sandburg," to mention the "sensitive Sandburg." But I am not apologetic. (Opposing for a moment an attitude, I am forced to divide a poet up.) In all of Mr. Sandburg's poems, those which I like and those which I do not understand, I find the poet Sandburg—essentially the only Sandburg—gripped by indignation, sense of beauty, joy, grief. And that crystal quality of

the penetrating poet-eyes, of the warm poet-heart, lifts him quite out of any torpid, heavy-shouldered, thick-necked Tough class, whether he hog-butchers or waves a lily, whether he jingles "loose change" or whispers.

*The fog comes on little cat feet.
It sits looking over harbor and city on silent
haunches and then moves on.*

He writes the following personal picture in "Chicago Poet". (This poem was checked out as tough on a number of counts, notably "looking-glass," "Hello," "locks his elbow," etc.)

*I saluted a nobody. I saw him in a looking-glass.
He smiled—so did I.
He crumbled the skin on his forehead frowning—so
did I.
Everything I did he did.
I said, "Hello, I know you." And I was a liar to say
so.
Ah, this looking-glass man. Liar, fool, dreamer,
play-actor;
Soldier, dusty drinker of dust—
Ah, he will go with me Down the dark stairway
When nobody else is looking, When everybody else
is gone.
He locks his elbow in mine, I lose all—but not him.*

Unfortunately, you see, for the hand duster, Carl Sandburg is human, like the rest of us, too human for academic exclusiveness to welcome as poet; especially since, even as poet, he must talk like the particular kind of human being he is—his language so deeply a part of him, he can not change it to suit the conventions of the class-room, and do it honestly. Best of all, if he can, he defiantly refuses to change it for special occasions, for special ears. Consequently, it seems to me, he becomes a kind of precious thing to people ; because he is able to talk for them and in the words of their mouths. When people go hunting for an expression of

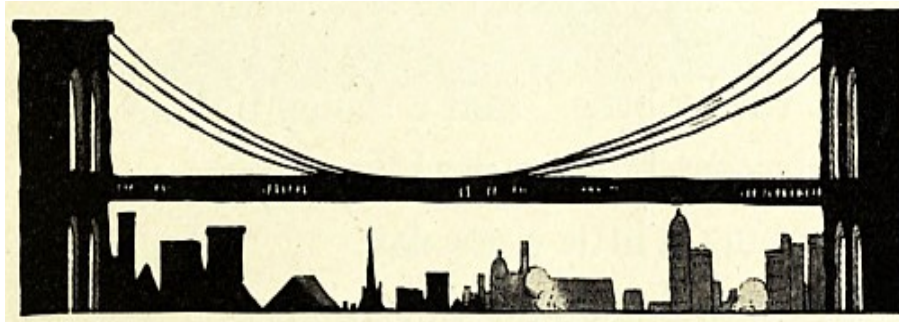
those dreams and hopes and beauties
they are less articulate over than "home
and mother" conventionalities—and it is
only a minority who ever do—I have an
idea they can come to know Sandburg
better than any other of today's poets.
If they try to meet him. Hand-dusters
—and it is painful that so many of them
are in a position to present their atti-
tudes to the gullible with as much au-
thority as impunity—insinuate that he
is a Tough—a literary Tough, not alto-
gether the proper sort to meet. There is
something grossly humorous about it,
and something bitter.

*In a trolley car, this Tough can see
Faces Tired of wishes Empty of dreams.
Remembering his city and a night,
this Tough can write "Lost" :
Desolate and lone
All night long on the lake
Where fog trails and mist creeps,
The whistle of a boat
Calls and cries unendingly,
Like some lost child In tears and trouble
Hunting the harbor's breast
And the harbor's eyes.
"Choose," this Tough can cry:
The single clenched fist lifted and ready,
Or the open asking hand held out and waiting.
Choose :
For we meet by one or the other.*

And not the very toughest is "Cool
Tombs" ; doubtless tough enough for Dr.
Schelling. I am quoting it because it
is the sort of poem that makes worrying
over Sandburg's tough words mere pet-
tiness. It burns unmistakably out of a
highly developed and richly sensitive
personality, as, I believe, all his poems
do:

*When Abraham Lincoln was shoveled into the
tombs,
he forgot the copperheads and the assassin ... in
the dust, in the cool
tombs.*

*And Ulysses Grant lost all thought of con men and
Wall Street,
cash and collateral turned ashes ... in the dust, in
the cool tombs.
Pocahontas' body, lovely as a poplar, sweet as a
red haw in November
or a pawpaw in May, did she wonder? does she
remem-
ber ... in the dust, in the cool tombs?
Take any streetful of people buying clothes and
groceries,
cheering a hero or throw ing confetti and blowing
tin horns . . .
tell me if the lovers are losers . . . tell me if any get
more than the lovers
. . . in the dust ... in the cool tombs.*



Little Blue Books alphabetized, from WikiSource's publication of its Abraham Lincoln biography. Some of these can also be found on Archive, GoogleBooks, possibly Hathi Trust, and other free digital book sources:

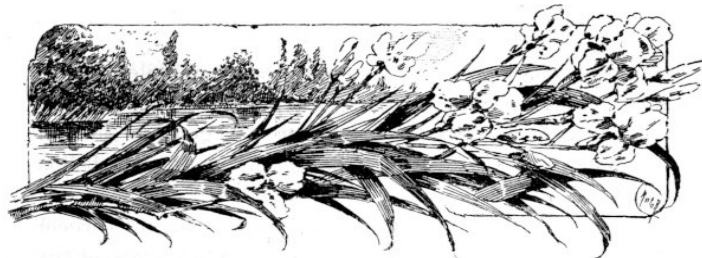
Bk #	Title	Author
3	18 Essays.	Voltaire.
7	A Liberal Education.	Thomas Huxley.
44	Aesop's Fables.	
158	Alice in Wonderland	
156	Andersen's Fairy Tales	
106	Aphorisms.	Geo. Sand.
228	Aphorisms.	Huxley.
205	Artemus Ward His Book	
209	Aspects of Birth Control.	Medical, Moral, Sociological.
85	Attack on the Mill	Zela
48	Bacon's Essays	
15	Balzac's Stories	
104	Battle of Waterloo	Victor Hugo
140	Biology and Spiritual Philosophy.	Tichenor.
142	Bismarck and the German Empire	
58	Boccaccio's Stories	
192	Book of Synonyms.	
51	Bruno: His Life and Martyrdom	
128	Caesar: Who He Was	
206	Capitalism vs. Socialism.	Seligman and Nearing.
81	Care of the Baby.	
21	Carmen	Merimee
34	Case for Birth Control.	
136	Child Training.	
75	Choice of Books. .	Carlyle
41	Christmas Carol	
67	Church History	Tichenor
12	Color of Life	E Haldeman-Julius

82	Common Faults in Writing English.	
225	Condescension in Foreigners.	J. R. Lowell.
95	Confessions of An Opium Eater.	
130	Controversy on Christianity.	Ingersoll and Gladstone.
161	Country of the Blind	H G Wells
147	Cromwell and His Day	
6	De Maupassant's Stories	
208	Debate on Birth Control.	Mrs. Sanger and Winter Russell.
11	Debate on Religion.	John H. Holmes and George Bowne.
96	Dialogues of Plato.	
39	Did Jesus Ever Live?	
229	Diderot	Ellis
165	Discovery of the Future.	H. G. Wells.
38	Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde	
37	Dream of John Bull	
29	Dreams	Schreiner
231	Eight Humorous Sketches	Mark Twain
133	Electricity Explained.	
60	Emerson's Essays	
166	English as She Is Spoke	Mark Twain
79	Enoch Arden.	Tennyson.
154	Epigrams of Ibsen.	
59	Epigrams of Wit.	
180	Epigrams. G. B. Shaw.	Shaw
168	Epigrams. O. Wilde.	Wilde
181	Epigrams. Thoreau.	Thoreau
223	Essay on Swinburne	Quiller-Couch
220	Essays on New Testament.	Blatchford. Blatchford
235	Essays. G. K. Chesterton.	Chesterton
218	Essays. Jean Jaures.	Jaures
189	Eugenics. Ellis.	Ellis
172	Evolution of Love. Key.	Key
191	Evolution vs. Religion.	Balmforth. Balmforth
152	Foundations of Labor Movement.	Phillips. Phillips
132	Foundations of Religion.	Anonymous
176	Four Essays	Ellis
42	From Monkey to Man.	
224	God: Known and Unknown.	Butler.
9	Great English Poems.	
145	Great Ghost Stories	
171	Has Life Meaning?	
47	He Renounced the Faith	Jack London
185	History of Printing	
126	History of Rome	
137	Home Nursing.	
40	House and the Brain	
186	How I Write "The Raven."	Poe. Poe
111	How to Attract Friends.	
112	How to Be a Leader of Others.	

78	How to Be an Orator.	
108	How to Develop a Healthy Mind.	
110	How to Develop a Magnetic Personality.	
109	How to Develop a Strong Will.	
93	How to Live 100 Years.	
98	How to Love.	
107	How to Strengthen Mind and Memory.	
188	How Voltaire Fooled Priest and King.	
92	Hypnotism Made Plain.	
211	Idea of God in Nature. John Stuart Mill.	
18	Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow	Jerome
200	Ignorant Philosopher. Voltaire.	Voltaire
54	Importance of Being Earnest	Oscar Wilde
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SPUNK

By Zora Neale Hurston

Awarded Second Prize

from the June 1925 Opportunity magazine

A GIANT of a brown skinned man sauntered up the one street of the Village and out into the palmetto thickets with a small pretty woman clinging lovingly to his arm.

"Looka theah, folkses!" cried Elijah Mosley, slapping his leg gleefully. "Theah they go, big as life an' brassy as tacks."

All the loungers in the store tried to walk to the door with an air of nonchalance but with small success.

"Now pee-eople!" Walter Thomas gasped, "Will you look at 'em!"

"But that's one thing Ah likes about Spunk Banks—he ain't skeered of nothin' on God's green foot stool—nothin'! He rides that log down at saw-mill jus' like he struts 'round wid another man's wife—jus' don't give a kitty. When Tes' Miller got cut to giblets on that circle-saw, Spunk steps right up and starts ridin'. The rest of us was skeered to go near it."

A round shouldered figure in overalls much too large, came nervously in the door and the talking ceased. The men looked at each other and winked. "Gimme some soda-water. Sass'prilla Ah rek on," the new-comer ordered, and stood far down the counter near the open pickled pig-feet tub to drink it.

Elijah nudged Walter and turned with mock gravity to the new-comer.

"Say Joe, how's everything up yo' way? How's yo' wife?"

Joe started and all but dropped the bottle he held in his hands. He swallowed several times painfully and his lips trembled.

"Aw 'Lige, you oughtn't to do nothin' like that," Walter grumbled. Elijah ignored him.

"She jus' passed heah a few minutes ago goin' thata way," with a wave of his hand in the direction of the woods.

Now Joe knew his wife had passed that way.

He knew that the men lounging in the general store had seen her, moreover, he knew that the men knew he knew. He stood there silent for a long mo-

ment staring blankly, with his Adam's apple twitching nervously up and down his throat. One could actually see the pain he was suffering, his eyes, his face, his hands and even the dejected slump of his shoulders. He set the bottle down upon the counter. He didn't bang it, just eased it out of his hand silently and fiddled with his suspender buckle.

"Well, Ah'm goin' after her today. Ah'm goin' an' fetch her back. Spunk's done gone too fur."

He reached deep down into his trouser pocket and drew out a hollow ground razor, large and shiny, and passed his moistened thumb back and forth over the edge.

"Talkin' like a man, Joe. Course that's yo' fambly affairs, but Ah like to see grit in anybody." Joe Kanty laid down a nickel and stumbled out into the street.

Dusk crept in from the woods. Ike Clarice lit the swinging oil lamp that was almost immediately surrounded by candle-flies. The men laughed boisterously behind Joe's back as they watched him shamble Woodward.

"You oughtn't to said whut you did to him, Lige,—look how it worked him up," Walter chided.

"And Ah hope it did work him up. Tain't even decent for a man to take and take like he do."

"Spunk will sho' kill him."

"Aw, Ah doan't .know. You never kin tell. He might turn him up an' spank him fur gettin' in the way, but Spunk wouldn't shoot no unarmed man. Dat razor he carried outa heah ain't gonna run Spunk down an' cut him, an' Joe ain't got the nerve to go up to Spunk with it knowing he totes that Army 45. He makes that break outa heah to bluff us. He's gonna hide that razor behind the first likely palmetto root an' sneak back home to bed. Don't tell me nothin' 'bout that rabbit-foot colored man. Didn't he meet Spunk an' Lena face to face one day las' week an' mumble sumthin' to Spunk 'bout lettin' his wife alone?"

"What did Spunk say?" Walter broke in—"Ah like him fine but tain't right the way he carries on wid Lena Kanty, jus' cause Joe's timid 'bout fight in'."

"You wrong theah, Walter. 'Tain't cause Joe's timid at all, it's cause Spunk wants Lena. If Joe was a passle of wile cats Spunk would tackle the job just the same. He'd go after anything he wanted the same way. As Ah wuz sayin' a minute

ago, he tole Joe right to his face that Lena was his. 'Call her,' he says to Joe. 'Call her and see if she'll come. A woman knows her boss an' she answers when he calls.' 'Lena, ain't I yo' husband ?' ' Joe sorter whines out. Lena looked at him real disgusted but she don't answer and she don't move outa her tracks. Then Spunk reaches out an' takes hold of her arm an' says: 'Lena, youse mine. From now on Ah works for you an' fights for you an' Ah never wants you to look to nobody for a crumb of bread, a stitch of close or a shingle to go over yo' head, but me long as Ah live. Ah'll git the lumber foh owah house tomorrow. Go home an' git yo' things together!' "

" 'Thass mah house' Lena speaks up. 'Papa gim me that.'

"Well," says Spunk, "doan give up whut's yours, but when youse inside don't forgit youse mine, an' let no other man git outa his place wid you !

"Lena looked up at him with her eyes so full of love that they wuz runnin' over an' Spunk seen it an' Joe seen it too, and his lip started to tremblin' and his Adam's apple was galloping up and down his neck like a race horse. Ah bet he's wore out half a dozen Adam's apples since Spunk's been on the job with Lena. That's all he'll do. He'll be back heah after while swallowin' an' workin' his lips

like he wants to say somethin' an' can't."

"But didn't he do nothin' to stop 'em?"

"Nope, not a frazzlin' thing—jus' stood there.

Spunk took Lena's arm and walked off jus' like nothin' ain't happened and he stood there gazin' after them till they was outa sight. Now you know a woman don't want no man like that. I'm jus' waitin' to see whut he's goin' to say when he gits back."

II

But Joe Kanty never came back, never. The men in the store heard the sharp report of a pistol some where distant in the palmetto thicket and soon Spunk came walking leisurely, with his big black Stetson set at the same rakish angle and Lena cling ing to his arm, came walking right into the general store. Lena wept in a frightened manner.

"Well," Spunk announced calmly, "Joe come out

there wid a meatax an' made me kill him."

He sent Lena home and led the men back to Joe— Joe crumple and limp with his right hand still clutching his razor.

"See mah back? Mah does cut clear through.

He sneaked up an' tried to kill me from the back, but Ah got him, an' got him good, first shot,"

Spunk said.

The men glared at Elijah, accusingly.

"Take him up an' plant him in 'Stoney lone some'," Spunk said in a careless voice. "Ah didn't wanna shoot him but he made me do it. He's a

dirty coward, jumpin' on a man from behind."

Spunk turned on his heel and sauntered away to where he knew his love wept in fear for him and no man stopped him. At the general store later on, they all talked of locking him up until the sheriff should come from Orlando, but no one did any thing but talk.

A clear case of self-defense, the trial was a short one, and Spunk waLked out of the court house to freedom again. He could work again, ride the dangerous log-carriage that fed the singing, snarling,

biting, circle-saw; he could stroll the soft dark lanes with his guitar. He was free to roam the woods again ; he was free to return to Lena. He did all of these things.

III

"Whut you reckon, Walt?" Elijah asked one

night later. "Spunk's gittin' ready to marry Lena!"

"Naw! Why Joe ain't had time to git cold yit.

Nohow Ah didn't figger Spunk was the marryin' kind."

"Well, he is," rejoined Elijah. "He done moved most of Lena's things—and her along wid 'em— over to the Bradley house. He's buying it. Jus' like Ah told yo' all right in heah the night Joe wuz kilt. Spunk's crazy 'bout Lena. He don't want folks to keep on talkin' 'bout her—thass reason he's rushin' so. Funny thing 'bout that bob-cat, wan't it?"

"Whut bob-cat, 'Lige? Ah ain't heered 'bout none."

"Ain't cher? Well, night befo' las' was the fust night Spunk an' Lena moved together an' jus' as they was goin' to bed, a big black bob-cat, black all over, you hear me, black, walked round and round

that house and howled like forty, an' when Spunk got his gun an' went to the winder to shoot it, he says it stood right still an' looked him in the eye, an' howled right at him. The thing got Spunk so nervoused up he couldn't shoot. But Spunk says twan't no bob-cat nohow. He says it was Joe done sneaked back from Hell!"

"Humph!" sniffed Walter, "he oughter be nervous after what he done. Ah reckon Joe come back to dare him to marry Lena, or to come out an' fight. Ah bet he'll be back time and agin, too. Know what Ah think? Joe wuz a braver man than Spunk."

There was a general shout of derision from the group.

"Thass a fact," went on Walter. "Lookit whut he done; took a razor an' went out to fight a man he knowed toted a gun an' wuz a crack shot, too; 'nother thing Joe wuz skeered of Spunk, skeered plumb stiff! But he went jes' the same. It took him a long time to get his nerve up. 'Tain't nothin' for Spunk to fight when he ain't skeered of nothin'. Now, Joe's done come back to have it out wid the man that's got all he ever had. Y'll know Joe ain't never had nothin' nor wanted nothin' besides Lena. It musta been a h'ant cause ain' nobody never seen no black bob-cat."

"'Nother thing," cut in one of the men, "Spunk wuz cussin' a blue streak today 'cause he 'lowed dat saw wuz wobblin'—almos' got 'im once. The machinist come, looked it over an' said it wuz alright. Spunk musta been leanin' t'wards it some. Den he claimed somebody pushed 'im but 'twant nobody close to 'im. Ah wuz glad when knockin' off time come. I'm skeered of dat man when he gits hot. He'd beat you full of button holes as quick as he's look atcher."

IV

The men gathered the next evening in a different mood, no laughter. No badinage this time.

"Look 'Lige, you goin' to set up wid Spunk?"

"Naw, Ah reckon not, Walter. Tell yuh the truth, Ah'm a lil bit skittish. Spunk died too wicket—died cussin' he did. You know he thought he wuz done outa life."

"Good Lawd, who'd he think done it?"

"Joe."

"Joe Kanty? How come?"

"Walter, Ah b'leeve Ah will walk up thata way an' set. Lena would like it Ah reckon."

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Elijah did not answer until they had left the lighted store and were strolling down the dark street.

"Ah wuz loadin' a wagon wid scantlin' right near the saw when Spunk fell on the carriage but 'fore Ah

could git to him the saw got him in the body—awful

sight. Me an' Skint Miller got him off but it was too late. Anybody could see that. The fust thing he said wuz: 'He pushed me, Lige—the dirty hound pushed me in the back!'—He was spittin' blood at ev'ry breath. We laid him on the sawdust pile with his face to the East so's he could die easy. He belt mah han' till the last, Walter, and said: 'It was Joe, 'Lige—the dirty sneak shoved me ... he didn't dare come to mah face . . . but Ah'll git the son-of-a-wood louse soon's Ah get there an' make hell too hot for him. ... Ah felt him shove me. . . !'

Thass how he died."

"If spirits kin fight, there's a powerful tussle goin' on somewhere ovah Jordan 'cause Ah b'leeve Joe's ready for Spunk an' ain't skeered anymore—yas, Ah b'leeve Joe pushed 'im mahself."

They had arrived at the house. Lena's lamentations were deep and loud. She had filled the room with magnolia blossoms that gave off a heavy sweet

odor. The keepers of the wake tipped about whispering in frightened tones. Everyone in the Village was there, even old Jeff Kanty, Joe's father, who a few hours before would have been afraid to come within ten feet of him, stood leering triumphantly down upon the fallen giant as if his fingers had been

the teeth of steel that laid him low.

The cooling board consisted of three sixteen-inch boards on saw horses, a dingy sheet was his shroud.

The women ate heartily of the funeral baked meats and wondered who would be Lena's next.

The men whispered coarse conjectures between guzzles of whiskey.



FROM A GUEST

The Project Gutenberg eBook of *The Smart Set*, by Clyde Fitch

Thursday.

My dear Claire:

I was so glad to hear from you about Florida, and, as you are having such an amusing time, and as the season here is practically finished now that the much-talked of Makeway ball is over, I've decided to join you next week. Besides, I've missed you awfully, and it will be so nice to be with you again. Will you be so good as to engage my rooms for me?--a bedroom with two windows facing south; not near the elevator by any means; not above the third floor--_but not on the first_. Please see that the coloring is blue or pink; I'm not particular about design or material, or anything of that sort (I don't think people should be too _exigeant_)--only yellow, or red, or white, or green rooms are too awfully unbecoming to me. Have drawing-room to connect with the bedroom please, and then a room for my maid. I hope you won't have to pay more than seven dollars a week for her (all included, naturally). She isn't at all particular. I'm sure I couldn't afford to keep her if she were, and she's such a treasure. Of course she reads all my letters and minds my own business more than I do myself, and uses up my crested writing paper at a terrific rate; but that one expects--don't you think so--with a _good_ servant?

I know you are mad to hear all about the ball, so I'll tell you. In the first place it was a great success, and that settles it! The Makeways are now a power in New York society, and there's really no reason why they shouldn't be. His family are all right and her English connections are better; and then what a charming woman she is! She makes a perfect hostess. Such tact! Everything was carried out in the best of taste. If they erred at all it was on the side of simplicity; and yet that gives you a wrong idea about the ball, because it really could boast of splendor. Yes, I mean it, but of a solid, real kind. There is nothing papier maché about the Makeway house; nor about its owners, nor about their entertainment. You can't help but believe this, and it gives you a sense of social security! Everyone anyone would want in their house was there. If any line was drawn tightly inside the smart circle, it defined the pseudo-déclassé. Mrs. Makeway might be described in England as a slightly early-Victorian hostess, or if our presidents had at all the position and social power of royalties, she would be ticketed perhaps as of the Hayes period, except that would imply "Total

Abstinence," which would mean instant death to anyone in smart society, thank goodness! I suppose you've heard that old _mot_ of the dinners at the White House during the Hayes administration, that water flowed like champagne! Well, that will never be said of the Makeways. Their wine was the very best, too; I never had better at any party, seldom as good, and even John, who scoffs at the idea of women being a judge of wines, confesses, that, though we've entertained everybody all our lives, we've never had such a good wine inside our doors. The supper was, in the first place, comfortable, and, in the second place, faultless. (There was a queer kind of game, which I loathed, but of course I knew, whatever it was, under the circumstances it was the right thing, so I choked it down.) The music was superb--all the good Hungarian orchestras in town. The cotillon favors were lovely, and some very stunning gold and jeweled things from Tiffany's must have cost a fortune.

But of course what you want to know about most is the people and what they had on. I wore my--but you'll see my dress in Florida, so never mind. Mrs. Makeway had a superb dress, but she always dresses handsomely. What a nice man Mr. Makeway is. You felt sure he was bored to death by the party, and all of us at it, but he concealed it with such charming manners and such natural courtesy that you really felt somehow it was a pleasure to come and put him out. The daughter is a great success; there's no denying that. She has a perfect figure, and is very graceful. She seems to have her father's manners, brought up to date by her mother. She's going to be a leader, you can tell that, and apparently she can be an eventual duchess, if she wishes. Young Lord ---- is still here, and his devotion in the Makeway quarter is undisguised. Everyone likes him, and says he isn't the sort of young fellow to be merely after her money; but no one can tell if Helen is going to take him or not. I am sure of one thing, she will do as she pleases.

There were beautiful jewels in evidence at the ball. Mrs. Makeway wore, I believe, a dozen strings of the most gorgeous pearls. All _real_, of course, with their money. They must represent a fortune in themselves. Poor old Mrs. Hammond Blake came with _all_ her Switzerland amethysts, and a few new topazes mixed in (she must have been at Lucerne last summer). She looked like one of those glass gas-lit signs. But really, all the best jewels in New York were there. And it is wonderful to see how the women whose throats are going the way of the world have welcomed the revival of black velvet if they haven't the pearl collarettes. I shall be wanting something of the sort myself soon. Woe is me! And John does keep looking so abominably young. I tell him out of courtesy to me he must get old more quickly, or people will be saying I married a man years younger than myself!

John says I needn't trouble to furnish people with subjects for talking; they can make up their own. But I don't think we are gossips

nowadays here in America; do you? Which reminds me that everybody says the Mathews are going to separate at last. She's going to Dakota, and get it on incaptability, or cruelty, or some little thing like that. Everybody wondered at first why, since she'd stood it so long, she was going to divorce Ned now, at this late day, but it has leaked out. Think of it--Charlie Harris! Aren't you surprised? It's only about two years since _he_ divorced his wife. Mrs. Harris got the children, so I presume Mrs. Mathews will keep hers to give Charlie in place of his own. If I remember the number he will be getting compound interest! You know the Mathews babies came with such lightning rapidity we lost count. One was always confusing the last baby with the one that came before it. Anyway, I think Charlie Harris gets the best of it; so, even if it isn't altogether ideal to possess your children "ready made," as it were, still Elsie Mathews is a charming woman, and I never could bear Mrs. Harris. She told such awful fibs, and her exaggerations were not decorative; they were criminal. Why, I couldn't recognize a piece of news I told her myself when I heard her repeating it to some one else not five minutes after, as John says.

Heavens! for the third time, "as John says," I must stop. But _I am_ a very happy married woman! John gives me everything I want, and I adore him.

When I hear from you I will telegraph my train. We missed you awfully at the Makeways. John spoke of it several times. He loves to dance with you because you are always ready to sit it out and do all the talking. Dear me, I'm afraid that doesn't sound complimentary, but I assure you he _meant_ it as such!

How nice it will be to be with you. You aren't strict about your mourning, are you? I don't think it's at all necessary, way off there.

With love, always affectionately,

MAYBEL PARKE RODNEY.



THE ART OF CHAUCER

(for Terry Jones, RIP. The Editor)

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *History of English Literature Volume 1 (of 3)*, by Hippolyte Taine

It is high time to return to Chaucer himself. Beyond the two notable characteristics which settle his place in his age and school of poetry, there are others which take him out of his age and school. If he was romantic and gay like the rest, it was after a fashion of his own. He observes characters, notes their differences, studies the coherence of their parts, endeavors to describe living individualities--a thing unheard of in his time, but which the renovators in the sixteenth century, and first among them Shakespeare, will do afterwards. Is it already the English positive common-sense and aptitude for seeing the inside of things which begins to appear? A new spirit, almost manly, pierces through, in literature as in painting, with Chaucer as with Van Eyck, with both at the same time; no longer the childish imitation of chivalrous life[236] or monastic devotion, but the grave spirit of inquiry and craving for deep truths, whereby art becomes complete. For the first time, in Chaucer as in Van Eyck, the character described stands out in relief; its parts are connected; it is no longer an unsubstantial phantom. You may guess its past and foretell its future action. Its externals manifest the personal and incommunicable details of its inner nature, and the infinite complexity of its economy and motion. To this day, after four centuries, that character is individualized and typical; it remains distinct in our memory, like the creations of Shakespeare and Rubens. We observe this growth in the very act. Not only does Chaucer, like Boccaccio, bind his tales into a single history; but in addition--and this is wanting in Boccaccio--he begins with the portrait of all his narrators, knight, summoner, man of law, monk, bailiff or reeve, host, about thirty distinct figures, of every sex, condition, age, each painted with his disposition, face, costume, turns of speech, little significant actions, habits, antecedents, each maintained in his character by his talk and subsequent actions, so that

we can discern here, sooner than in any other nation, the germ of the domestic novel as we write it to-day. Think of the portraits of the franklin, the miller, the mendicant friar, and wife of Bath. There are plenty of others which show the broad brutalities, the coarse, tricks, and the pleasantries of vulgar life, as well as the gross and plentiful feastings of sensual life. Here and there honest old swashbucklers, who double their fists, and tuck up their sleeves; or contented beards, who, when they have drunk, will speak nothing but Latin. But by the side of these there are some choice characters; the knight, who went on a crusade to Granada and Prussia, brave and courteous:

"And though that he was worthy he was wise,
And of his port as meke as is a mayde.
He never yet no vilanie ne sayde
In alle his lif, unto no manere wight,
He was a veray parfit gentil knight." [237]

"With him, ther was his sone, a yonge Squier,
A lover, and a lusty bachelor,
With lockes crull as they were laide in presse.
Of twenty yere of age he was I gesse.
Of his stature he was of even lengthe,
And wonderly deliver, and grete of strengthe.
And he hadde be sometime in chevachie,
In Flaundres, in Artois, and in Picardie,
And borne him wel, as of so litel space,
In hope to stonden in his ladies grace.
Embrouded was he, as it were a mede
Alle ful of fresshe floures, white and rede.
Singing he was, or floyting alle the day,
He was as fresshe, as is the moneth of May.
Short was his gowne, with sieves long and wide.
Wel coude he sitte on hors, and fayre ride.
He coude songes make, and wel endite,
Juste and eke dance, and wel pourtraie and write.
So hote he loved, that by nightertale
He slep no more than doth the nightingale.
Curteis he was, lowly and servisable,
And carf befor his fader at the table." [238]

There is also a poor and learned clerk of Oxford; and finer still, and more worthy of a modern hand, the Prioress, "Madame Eglantine," who as a nun, a maiden, a great lady, is ceremonious, and shows signs of exquisite taste. Would a better be found nowadays in a German chapter, amid the most modest and lively bevy of sentimental and literary canonesses?

"Ther was also a Nonne, a Prioressse,
That of hire smiling was ful simple and coy
Hire gretest othe n'as but by Seint Eloy;
And she was cleped Madame Eglentine.
Ful wel she sange the service devine,
Entuned in hire nose ful swetely;
And Frenche she spake ful fayre and fetisly
After the scole of Stratford-atte-bowe,
For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe.
At mete was she wel ytaughte withalle;
So lette no morsel from hire lippes falle,
No wette hire fingres in hire sauce depe.
Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel kepe,
Thatte no drope ne fell upon hire brest.
In curtesie was sette ful moche hire lest.
Hire over lippe wiped she so clene,
That in hire cuppe was no ferthing sene
Of grese, whan she dronken hadde hire draught,
Ful semely after hire mete she raught.
And sikerly she was of grete disport
And ful plesant, and amiable of port,
And peined hire to contrefeten chere
Of court, and ben estatelich of manere,
And to ben holden digne of reverence."[239]

Are you offended by these provincial affectations? Not at all; it is delightful to behold these nice and pretty ways, these little affectations, the waggery and prudery, the half-worldly, half-monastic smile. We inhale a delicate feminine perfume, preserved and grown old under the stomacher:

"But for to speken of hire conscience,
She was so charitable and so pitous,
She wolde wepe if that she saw a mous
Caughte in a trappe, if it were ded or bledde.
Of smale houndes hadde she, that she fedde
With rosted flesh, and milk, and wastel brede.
But sore wept she if on of hem were dede,
Or if men smote it with a yerde smert:
And all was conscience and tendre herte."[240]

Many elderly ladies throw themselves into such affections as these for lack of others. Elderly! what an objectionable word have I employed! She was not elderly:

"Ful semely hire wimple ypinched was,
Hire nose tretis; hire eyen grey as glas;
Hire mouth ful smale, and therto soft and red;
But sikerly she hadde a fayre forehed.
It was almost a spanne brode I trowe;
For hardily she was not undergrowe.
Ful fetise was hire cloke, as I was ware.
Of small corall aboute hire arm she bare
A pair of bedes, gauded al with grene;
And thereon heng a broche of gold ful shene,
On whiche was first ywritten a crowned A,
And after, Amor vincit omnia."[241]

A pretty ambiguous device, suitable either for gallantry or devotion; the lady was both of the world and the cloister: of the world, you may see it in her dress; of the cloister, you gather it from "another Nonne also with hire hadde she, that was hire chapelleine, and Preestes thre"; from the Ave Maria which she sings, the long edifying stories which she relates. She is like a fresh, sweet, and ruddy cherry, made to ripen in the sun, but which, preserved in an ecclesiastical jar, has become candied and insipid in the syrup.

Such is the power of reflection which begins to dawn, such the high art. Chaucer studies here, rather than aims at amusement; he ceases to gossip, and thinks; instead of surrendering himself to the facility of flowing improvisation, he plans. Each tale is suited to the teller; the young squire relates a fantastic and Oriental history; the tipsy miller a loose and comical story; the honest clerk the touching legend of Griselda. All these tales are bound together, and that much better than by Boccaccio, by little veritable incidents, which spring from the characters of the personages, and such as we light upon in our travels. The horsemen ride on in good humor, in the sunshine, in the open country; they converse. The miller has drunk too much ale, and will speak, "and for no man forbere." The cook goes to sleep on his beast, and they play practical jokes on him. The monk and the summoner get up a dispute about their respective lines of business. The host restores peace, makes them speak or be silent, like a man who has long presided in the inn parlor, and who has often had to check brawlers. They pass judgment on the stories they listen to: declaring that there are few Griseldas in the world; laughing at the misadventures of the tricked carpenter; drawing a lesson from the moral tale. The poem is no longer, as in the contemporary literature, a mere procession, but a painting in which the contrasts are arranged, the attitudes chosen, the general effect calculated, so that it becomes life and motion; we forget ourselves at the sight, as in the case of every lifelike work; and we long to get on horseback on a fine sunny morning, and canter along green meadows with the pilgrims to the shrine of the good saint of Canterbury.

Weigh the value of the words "general effect." According as we plan it or not, we enter on our maturity or infancy! The whole future lies in these two words. Savages or half savages, warriors of the Heptarchy or knights of the Middle Ages; up to this period, no one had reached to this point. They had strong emotions, tender at times, and each expressed them according to the original gift of his race, some by short cries, others by continuous babble. But they did not command or guide their impressions; they sang or conversed by impulse, at random, according to the bent of their disposition, leaving their ideas to present themselves as they might, and when they hit upon order, it was ignorantly and involuntarily. Here for the first time appears a superiority of intellect, which at the instant of conception suddenly halts, rises above itself, passes judgment, and says to itself, "This phrase tells the same thing as the last--remove it; these two ideas are disjointed—connect them; this description is feeble--reconsider it." When a man can speak thus he has an idea, not learned in the schools, but personal and practical, of the human mind, its process and needs, and of things also, their composition and combinations; he has a style, that is, he is capable of making everything understood and seen by the human mind. He can extract from every object, landscape, situation, character, the special and significant marks, so as to group and arrange them, in order to compose an artificial work which surpasses the natural work in its purity and completeness. He is capable, as Chaucer was, of seeking out in the old common forest of the Middle Ages, stories and legends, to replant them in his own soil, and make them send out new shoots. He has the right and the power, as Chaucer had, of copying and translating, because by dint of retouching he impresses on his translations and copies his original mark; he re-creates what he imitates, because through or by the side of worn-out fancies and monotonous stories, he can display, as Chaucer did, the charming ideas of an amiable and elastic mind, the thirty master-forms of the fourteenth century, the splendid freshness of the verdurous landscape and spring-time of England. He is not far from conceiving an idea of truth and life. He is on the brink of independent thought and fertile discovery. This was Chaucer's position. At the distance of a century and a half, he has affinity with the poets of Elizabeth[242] by his gallery of pictures, and with the reformers of the sixteenth century by his portrait of the good parson.

Affinity merely. He advanced a few steps beyond the threshold of his art, but he paused at the end of the vestibule. He half opens the great door of the temple, but does not take his seat there; at most, he sat down in it only at intervals. In "Arcite and Palamon," in "Troilus and Cressida," he sketches sentiments, but does not create characters; he easily and naturally traces the winding course of events and conversations, but does not mark the precise outline of a striking figure. If occasionally, as in the description of the temple of Mars, after the "Thebaid" of Statius, feeling at his back the glowing breeze

of poetry, he draws out his feet, clogged with the mud of the Middle Ages, and at a bound stands upon the poetic plain on which Statius imitated Vergil and equalled Lucan, he, at other times, again falls back into the childish gossip of the *_trouvères_*, or the dull gabble of learned clerks--to "Dan Phebus or Apollo-Delphicus." Elsewhere, a commonplace remark on art intrudes in the midst of an impassioned description. He uses three thousand verses to conduct Troilus to his first interview. He is like a precocious and poetical child, who mingles in his love-dreams quotations from his grammar and recollections of his alphabet.[243] Even in the "Canterbury Tales" he repeats himself, unfolds artless developments, forgets to concentrate his passion or his idea. He begins a jest, and scarcely ends it. He dilutes a bright coloring in a monotonous stanza. His voice is like that of a boy breaking into manhood. At first a manly and firm accent is maintained, then a shrill sweet sound shows that his growth is not finished, and that his strength is subject to weakness. Chaucer sets out as if to quit the Middle Ages; but in the end he is there still. To-day he composes the "Canterbury Tales"; yesterday he was translating the "Roman de la Rose." To-day he is studying the complicated machinery of the heart, discovering the issues of primitive education or of the ruling disposition, and creating the comedy of manners; to-morrow he will have no pleasure but in curious events, smooth allegories, amorous discussions, imitated from the French, or learned moralities from the ancients. Alternately he is an observer and a *_trouvère_*; instead of the step he ought to have advanced, he has but made a half-step.

Who has prevented him, and the others who surround him? We meet with the obstacle in the tales he has translated of Melibeus, of the Parson, in his "Testament of Love" in short, so long as he writes verse, he is at his ease; as soon as he takes to prose, a sort of chain winds around his feet and stops him. His imagination is free, and his reasoning a slave. The rigid scholastic divisions, the mechanical manner of arguing and replying, the *ergo*, the Latin quotations, the authority of Aristotle and the Fathers, come and weigh down his budding thought. His native invention disappears under the discipline imposed. The servitude is so heavy that even in the work of one of his contemporaries, the "Testament of Love," which, for a long time, was believed to be written by Chaucer, amid the most touching complaints and the most smarting pains, the beautiful ideal lady, the heavenly mediator who appears in a vision, Love, sets her theses, establishes that the cause of a cause is the cause of the thing caused, and reasons as pedantically as they would at Oxford. In what can talent, even feeling, end, when it is kept down by such shackles? What succession of original truths and new doctrines could be found and proved, when in a moral tale, like that of Melibeus and his wife Prudence, it was thought necessary to establish a formal controversy, to quote Seneca and Job, to forbid tears, to bring forward the weeping Christ to authorize tears, to enumerate every proof, to call in Solomon, Cassiodorus, and Cato; in short, to write a book for schools? The public cares only for pleasant and lively thoughts; not

serious and general ideas; these latter are for a special class only. As soon as Chaucer gets into a reflective mood, straightway Saint Thomas, Peter Lombard, the manual of sins, the treatise on definition and syllogism, the army of the ancients and of the Fathers, descend from their glory, enter his brain, speak in his stead; and the _trouvère's_ pleasant voice becomes the dogmatic and sleep-inspiring voice of a doctor. In love and satire he has experience, and he invents; in what regards morality and philosophy he has learning, and copies. For an instant, by a solitary leap, he entered upon the close observation, and the genuine study of man; he could not keep his ground, he did not take his seat, he took a poetic excursion; and no one followed him. The level of the century is lower; he is on it himself for the most part. He is in the company of narrators like Froissart, of elegant speakers like Charles of Orléans, of gossipy and barren verse-writers like Gower, Lydgate, and Occleve. There is no fruit, but frail and fleeting blossoms, many useless branches, still more dying or dead branches; such is this literature. And why? Because it had no longer a root; after three centuries of effort, a heavy instrument cut it underground. This instrument was the Scholastic Philosophy.

NAPLES AND THE LAND OF THE EMIGRANT

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Man Farthest Down*, by
Booker T. Washington and Robert E. Page

I had crossed Europe from north to south before I got my first glimpse of an emigrant bound for America. On the way from Vienna to Naples I stopped at midnight at Rome, and in the interval between trains I spent an hour in wandering about in the soft southern air--such air as I had not found anywhere since I left my home in Alabama.

In returning to the station my curiosity was aroused, as I was passing in the shadow of the building, by what seemed to me a large vacant room near the main entrance to the station. As I attempted to enter this room I stumbled over the figure of a man lying on the stone floor. Looking farther, I saw something like forty or fifty persons, men as well as women, lying on the floor, their faces turned toward the wall, asleep.

The room itself was apparently bare and empty of all furniture. There was neither a bench nor a table, so far as I could see, in any part of the room. It seems that, without any expectation of doing so, I had wandered into the room reserved for emigrants, and came accidentally upon one of the sights I most wanted to see in Italy--namely, a party of emigrants bound for America.

As near as I could learn, these people were, for the most part, peasants, who had come in from the surrounding country, carrying what little property they possessed on their backs or tied up in little bundles in their arms, and were awaiting the arrival of the train that was to take them to the port from which they could take ship for America.

I confess it struck me as rather pathetic that, in this splendid new and modern railway station, in which the foreign traveller and the native Italian of the upper classes were provided with every convenience and luxury, so little thought had been given to the comfort of these humble travellers, who represent the people in Italy who pay proportionately most of the taxes, and who, by their patient industry and thrift, have contributed more than any other class to such progress as Italy has made in recent years.

Later on I had an opportunity to pass through the country from which perhaps the majority of these emigrants had come. I travelled through a long stretch of country where one sees only now and then a lonesome shepherd or a wretched hut with one low room and a cow-stall. I also visited some of the little villages which one sees clinging to the barren hilltops, to escape the poisonous mists of the plains below. There I saw the peasants in their homes and learned something of the way in which the lowly people in the rural districts have been neglected and oppressed. After that I was able to understand that it was no special hardship that these emigrants suffered at Rome. Perhaps many of them had never before slept in a place so clean and sanitary as the room the railway provided them.

Early the next morning, as my train was approaching Naples, my attention was attracted by the large number of women I saw at work in the fields. It was not merely the number of women but the heavy wrought-iron hoes, of a crude and primitive manufacture, with which these women worked that aroused my interest. These hoes were much like the heavy tools I had seen the slaves use on the plantations before the Civil War. With these heavy instruments some of the women seemed to be hacking the soil, apparently preparing it for cultivation; others were merely leaning wearily upon their tools, as if they were over-tired with the exertion. This seemed quite possible to me, because the Italian women are slighter and not as robust as the women I had seen at work in the fields in Austria.

I inquired why it was that I saw so many women in the fields in this part of the country, for I had understood that Italian women, as a rule, did not go so frequently into field work as the women do in Austria and Hungary. I learned that it was because so many of the men who formerly did this work had emigrated to America. As a matter of fact, three fourths of the emigration from Italy to America comes from Sicily and the other southern provinces. There are villages in lower

Italy which have been practically deserted. There are others in which no one but women and old men are left behind, and the whole population is more than half supported by the earnings of Italian labourers in America. There are cities within twenty miles of Naples which have lost within ten years two thirds of their inhabitants. In fact, there is one little village not far from the city of which it is said that the entire male population is in America.

Ten days later, coming north from Sicily, I passed through the farming country south of Naples, from which large numbers of emigrants go every year to the United States. It is a sad and desolate region. Earthquakes, malaria, antiquated methods of farming, and the general neglect of the agricultural population have all contributed to the miseries of the people. The land itself--at least such portion of it as I saw--looks old, wornout, and decrepit; and the general air of desolation is emphasized when, as happened in my case, one comes suddenly, in the midst of the desolate landscape, upon some magnificent and lonely ruin representing the ancient civilization that flourished here two thousand years ago.

Statistics which have been recently collected, after an elaborate investigation by the Italian Government, show that, in a general way, the extent of emigration from southern Italy is in direct ratio to the neglect of the agricultural classes. Where the wages are smallest and the conditions hardest, there emigration has reached the highest mark. In other words, it is precisely from those parts of Italy where there are the greatest poverty, crime, and ignorance that the largest number of emigrants from Italy go out to America, and, I might add, the smallest number return. Of the 511,935 emigrants who came to North and South America from Italy in 1906, 380,615 came from Sicily and the southern provinces.

One of the most interesting experiences I had while in Europe was in observing the number of different classes and races there are in Europe who look down upon, and take a hopeless view of, certain of their neighbours because they regard them as inferior. For example, one of the first things I learned in Italy was that the people in northern Italy look down upon the people of southern Italy as an inferior race. I heard and read many times while I was in Italy stories and anecdotes illustrating the childishness, the superstition, and the ignorance of the peasant people, and the lower classes generally in southern Italy. In fact, nothing that I have known or heard about the superstition of the Negro people in America compares with what I heard about the superstition of the Italian peasants. What surprised me more was to learn that statistics gathered by the Italian Government indicate that in southern Italy, contrary to the experience of every other country, the agricultural labourers are physically inferior to every other class of the population. The people in the rural districts are shorter of stature and in a poorer condition generally than they are in the cities.

For all these reasons I was the more anxious to learn for myself what these people were like. I wanted to find out precisely in what this inferiority of the southern Italian consisted, because I knew that these people were very largely descended from the ancient Greeks, who, by reputation at least, were the most gifted people the world has ever known.

The city of Naples offers some advantages for studying the southern population, since it is the port at which the stream of emigration from the small towns and farming districts of the interior reaches the sea. The exportation of labourers to America is one of the chief businesses of that city. It was at Naples, then, that I gained my earliest first-hand acquaintance with the Italians of the south.

I think the thing that impressed me most about Naples was the contrast between the splendour of its natural surroundings, the elegance and solidity of its buildings, and the dirt, disorder, and squalor in which the masses of the people live. It was early morning when I arrived in the city for the first time. The sun, which was just rising over the black mass of Vesuvius, flooded the whole city and the surrounding country with the most enchanting light. In this soft light the gray and white masses of the city buildings, piled against the projecting hillside to the right and stretching away along the curving shores to the left, made a picture which I shall never forget.

Some of this sunshine seemed to have got into the veins of the people, too, for I never saw anywhere so much sparkle and colour, so much life and movement, as I did among the people who throng the narrow streets of Naples. I never heard before so many curious human noises or saw such vivid and expressive gestures. On the other hand, I never saw anywhere before so many beggars, so many barefooted men, so many people waiting at the station and around the streets to pick up a casual job. It seemed to me that there were at least six porters to every passenger who got off the train, and these porters were evidently well organized, for I had the experience of seeing myself and my effects calmly parcelled out among half a dozen of them, every one of whom demanded, of course, a separate fee for his services.

My experience in Europe leads me to conclude that the number of casual labourers, hucksters, vagabonds, and hunters of odd jobs one meets in a city is a pretty good index of the condition of the masses of the people. By this measure I think that I should have been able to say at the outset that there was in Naples a larger class living in the dirt, degradation, and ignorance at the bottom of society than in any other city I visited in Europe. I make this statement even though cities like Catania and Palermo, in Sicily, which are surrounded by an agricultural population just as wretched, are little, if any, better than Naples in this respect.

Very few persons who go to Naples merely as sightseers ever get acquainted, I suspect, with the actual conditions of the people. Most travellers who see Naples are carried away by the glamour of the sunshine, the colour, and the vivacity of the Italian temperament. For that reason they do not see the hard struggle for existence which goes on in the narrow streets of the city, or, if they do, they look upon the shifts and devices to which this light-hearted people are driven in order to live as merely part of the picturesqueness of the southern life and people.

I have been more than once through the slums and poorer quarters of the coloured people of New Orleans, Atlanta, Philadelphia, and New York, and my personal observation convinces me that the coloured population of these cities is in every way many per cent. better off than the corresponding classes in Naples and the other Italian cities I have named. As far as the actual hardships they have to endure or the opportunities open to them, the condition of the Negroes in these cities does not compare, in my opinion, with that of the masses of the Italians in these southern Italian cities.

There is this difference also: the majority of the Negroes in the large cities of the South and North in the United States are from the country. They have been accustomed to range and wander in a country where life was loose and simple, and existence hardly a problem. They have not been accustomed to either the comforts or the hardships of complex city life. In the case of the Italians, life in the crowded, narrow streets, and the unsanitary intimacy and confusion in which men, goats, and cattle here mingle, have become the fixed habit of centuries.

It is not an unusual thing, for instance, to find a cow or a mule living in close proximity, if not in the same room, with the rest of the family, and, in spite of the skill and artistic taste which show themselves everywhere in the construction and decoration of the buildings, the dirt and disorder in which the people live in these buildings are beyond description. Frequently, in passing through the streets of these southern cities, one meets a herd of goats wandering placidly along over the stone pavements, nibbling here and there in the gutters or holding up in front of a house to be milked.

Even where the city government has made the effort to widen and improve the streets, let in air and sunlight, and maintain sanitary conditions, the masses of the people have not yet learned to make use of these conveniences. I recall, in passing along one of these streets, in the centre of the city, which had been recently laid out with broad stone sidewalks and built up with handsome three and four story stone buildings, seeing a man and a cow standing on the sidewalk at the corner of the street. It seemed to me that the natural thing would have been to let the cow stand in the street and not obstruct the sidewalk.

But these people evidently look upon the cow as having the same rights as other members of the population. While the man who owned the cow was engaged in milking, a group of women from the neighbouring tenements stood about with their pitchers and gossiped, awaiting their turn at the cow.

This method of distributing milk--namely, by driving the animal to the front door and milking while you wait--has some advantages. It makes it unnecessary to sterilize the milk, and adulteration becomes impracticable. The disadvantage is that, in order to make this method of milk delivery possible, the cow and the goat must become city dwellers and live in the same narrow streets with the rest of the population. Whatever may be true of the goat, however, I am sure that the cow is not naturally adapted to city life, and where, as is true in many instances, whole families are forced to crowd into one or two rooms, the cow-stall is likely to be still more crowded. Under these conditions I am sure that the average cow is going to be neither healthy nor happy.

For my purposes it is convenient to divide the life of Naples into three classes. There is the life of the main avenues or boulevards, where one sees all that is charming in Neapolitan life. The buildings are handsome, streets are filled with carriages, sidewalks are crowded with handsomely dressed people. Occasionally one sees a barefooted beggar asleep on the marble steps of some public building. Sometimes one sees, as I did, a woman toiling up the long street side by side with a donkey pulling a cart. There are a good many beggars, but even they are cheerful, and they hold out their hands to you with a roguish twinkle in their eyes that somehow charms the pennies out of your pocket.

Then there is the life of the narrower streets, which stretch out in an intricate network all over the older part of the city. Many of these streets contain the homes as well as the workshops of the artisan class. Others are filled with the petty traffic of hucksters and small tradesmen. In one street you may find a long row of pushcarts, with fish and vegetables, or strings of cheap meat dangling from cords, surrounded by a crowd, chaffering and gesticulating--Neapolitan bargain-hunters. In another street you will find, intermingled with the little shops, skilled artisans with their benches pushed half into the street, at work at their various tasks. Here you will see a wood-carver at his open doorway, busily engaged in carving out an elegant bit of furniture, while in the back of the shop his wife is likely to be engaged in getting the midday meal. A little farther along you may meet a goldsmith, a worker in iron or in copper. One is making a piece of jewellery, the other is mending a kettle. In these streets one sees, in fact, all the old handicrafts carried on in much the same manner and apparently with the same skill that they were carried on three hundred years ago.



Finally, there are the narrower, darker, dirtier streets which are not picturesque and into which no ordinary traveller ventures. This seldom-visited region was, however, the one in which I was particularly interested, for I had come to Naples to see the people and to see the worst.

In the neighbourhood of the hotel where I stayed there was a narrow, winding street which led by a stone staircase from the main thoroughfare up the projecting hillside to one of those dark and obscure alleyways for which Naples, in spite of the improvements which have been made in recent years, is still noted. Near the foot of the stairs there was a bakery, and not far away was the office of the State Lottery. The little street to which I refer is chiefly inhabited by fishermen and casual labourers, who belong to the poorest class of the city. They are the patrons also of the lottery and the bakery, for there is no part of Naples that is so poor that it does not support the luxury of a lottery; and, I might add, there are few places of business that are carried on in a filthier manner than these bakeries of the poorer classes.

I was passing this place late in the afternoon, when I was surprised to see a huckster--I think he was a fish vender--draw up his wagon at the foot of this stone staircase and begin unhitching his mule. I looked on with some curiosity, because I could not, for the life of me, make out where he was going to put that animal after he had unhitched him. Presently the mule, having been freed from the wagon, turned of his own motion and began clambering up the staircase. I was so interested that I followed.

A little way up the hill the staircase turned into a dark and dirty alleyway, which, however, was crowded with people. Most of them were sitting in their doorways or in the street; some were knitting, some were cooking over little charcoal braziers which were placed out in the street. One family had the table spread in the middle of the road and had just sat down very contentedly to their evening meal. The street was strewn with old bottles, dirty papers, and all manner of trash; at the same time it was filled with sprawling babies and with chickens, not to mention goats and other household appurtenances. The mule, however, was evidently familiar with the situation, and made his way

along the street, without creating any surprise or disturbance, to his own home.

I visited several other streets during my stay in Naples which were, if possible, in a worse condition than the one I have described. In a city where every one lives in the streets more than half the time, and where all the intimate business of life is carried on with a frankness and candour of which we in America have no conception, there is little difficulty in seeing how people live. I noted, for example, instances in which the whole family, to the number of six or seven, lived in a single room, on a dirt floor, without a single window. More than that, this one room, which was in the basement of a large tenement house, was not as large as the average one-room Negro cabin in the South. In one of these one-room homes I visited there was a blacksmith shop in one part of the room, while the family ate and slept in the other part. The room was so small that I took the trouble to measure it, and found it 8 × 13 feet in size.

Many of these homes of the poorer classes are nothing better than dark and damp cellars. More than once I found in these dark holes sick children and invalid men and women living in a room in which no ray of light entered except through the open door. Sometimes there would be a little candle burning in front of a crucifix beside the bed of the invalid, but this flickering taper, lighting up some pale, wan face, only emphasized the dreary surroundings. It was a constant source of surprise to me that under such conditions these people could be so cheerful, friendly, and apparently contented.

I made some inquiry as to what sort of amusements they had. I found that one of the principal forms of amusement of this class of people is gambling. What seems stranger still, this vice is in Italy a Government monopoly. The state, through its control of the lottery, adds to the other revenue which it extracts from the people not less than five million dollars a year, and this sum comes, for the most part, from the very poorest part of the population.

There are, it seems, something like 1,700 or 1,800 offices scattered through the several large cities of Italy where the people may buy lottery tickets. It seemed to me that the majority of these offices must be in Naples, for in going about the city I saw them almost everywhere, particularly in the poorer quarters.

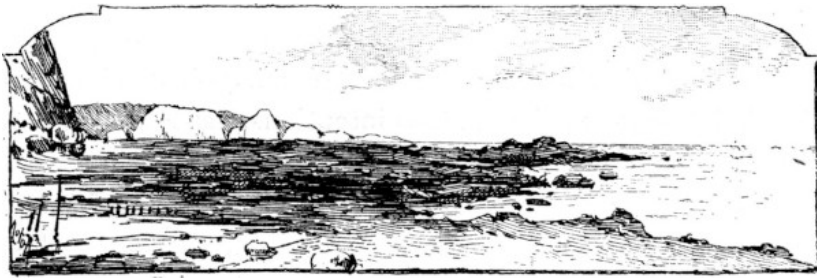
These lottery offices were so interesting that I determined to visit one myself and learn how the game was played. It seems that there is a drawing every Saturday. Any one may bet, whatever amount he chooses, that a number somewhere between one and ninety will turn up in the drawing. Five numbers are drawn. If you win, the lottery pays ten to one. You may also bet that any two of the five numbers drawn will turn up in succession. In that case, the bank pays the winner something like

fifty to one. You may also bet that three out of five will turn up, and in case you win the bank pays 250 times the amount you bet. Of course the odds are very much against the player, and it is estimated that the state gets about 50 per cent. of all the money that is paid in. The art of the game consists, according to popular superstition, in picking a lucky number. In order to pick a lucky number, however, one must go to a fortune-teller and have one's dreams interpreted, or one must pick a number according to some striking event, for it is supposed that every event of any importance suggests some lucky number. Of course all this makes the game more interesting and complicated, but it is, after all, a very expensive form of amusement for poor people.

From all that I can learn, public sentiment in Italy is rapidly being aroused to the evils which cling to the present system of dealing with the agricultural labourer and the poorer classes. But Italy has not done well by her lower classes in the past. She has oppressed them with heavy taxes; has maintained a land system that has worn out the soil at the same time that it has impoverished the labourer; has left the agricultural labourers in ignorance; has failed to protect them from the rapacity of the large landowners; and has finally driven them to seek their fortunes in a foreign land.

In return, these emigrants have repaid their native country by vastly increasing her foreign commerce, by pouring back into Italy the earnings they have made abroad, by themselves returning with new ideas and new ambitions and entering into the work of building up the country.

These returned emigrants have brought back to the mother country improved farming machinery, new methods of labour, and new capital. Italian emigrants abroad not only contribute to their mother country a sum estimated at between five and six million dollars annually, but Italian emigration has awakened Italy to the value of her labouring classes, and in doing this has laid the foundation for the prosperity of the whole country. In fact, Italy is another illustration that the condition of the man at the bottom affects the life of every class above him. It is to the class lowest down that Italy largely owes what prosperity she has as yet attained.



ED'S ADVENTURE ON LAKE CHETECK

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *Boys of the Old Sea Bed: Tales of Nature and Adventure*, by Charles Allen McConnell

"Listen, boys," said Mr. Allen, one night in November, as he looked up from a letter which a passing tote-teamster had left at the farm. "Here is a letter from my old friend Taylor, out in Minnesota, and he wants me to send him a 'likely boy' to work during the winter."

Mr. Taylor was a miller whose old-fashioned grist mill, run by its large waterwheel, situated where the Des Moines river flows out of Lake Cheteck, its source, was flour-headquarters for the hardy pioneers of a large section of that country.

Sturdy Ed begged so earnestly to be permitted to take the place with their father's old friend for the winter, that, after much hesitancy, and no little planning, the consent of Mr. and Mrs. Allen was given.

It was a serious journey for a boy at that time. The country, just emerging from the awful paralysis of the civil war, was but entering upon that era of railroad building which was to cover the west with a network of shining steel. As yet there were few railroads in that state which in a short time was to take front rank in grain raising and milling. Saint Paul was scarcely more than a big village, and the now magnificent metropolis at the falls of St. Anthony had not yet emerged from its swaddling clothes.

From the town of New Ulm Ed would have a long, cold ride by stage to the little mill out at the edge of civilization.

The few years' experience he had had on the new farm in Wisconsin, had hardened his muscles, and, as he was not at all afraid of work, Ed soon found and fitted into his place at the mill. It was a little lonesome so far from home, and the work was somewhat monotonous, but the coming

of the farmers with their loads of grain to be made into or exchanged for flour, gave opportunity for some sociability, and their stories of the great Indian uprisings, known to history as the New Ulm Massacre, were of thrilling interest.

As the winter came on it proved to be one of unusual severity, although there was little snow. The canal, or “race” by which the water of the lake was fed to the big millwheel, and from it to be tumbled foaming into the river at the foot of the rapids, usually maintained an even height, winter and summer, so, the supply of power being steady, it was possible for the millers to make preparation late in the evening, and leave the wheels to take care of the grist until early morning.

This winter, however, the ice in the river and race froze to the depth of three feet, and the power of the old mill was diminished to that extent. One night, not far from midnight, in the latter part of January, Ed found himself suddenly awake, sitting up in bed. Something had happened. What could be the matter? Oh, yes, he had been awakened by silence--not a noise, but the stopping of the noise of the mill had disturbed him. The hum of the burrs had ceased, the old wheel was still--the mill had shut down. He groped about and got his clothes, and hastened down-stairs into the wheel pit. Sure enough, there stood the old wheel at rest, for perhaps the first time in many years. In the runway there was a small stream of water falling, but nothing like enough to turn the wheel with the machinery of the mill geared on. Ed threw over the gear lever, and the released wheel slowly began to revolve again. Then he went up-stairs where he found Mr. Taylor, who had also been wakened as the accustomed hum of the stones ceased, and had come over from the house to investigate the cause.

“There has been some stoppage at the intake,” said he. “Either the lake has lowered, and the ice frozen nearly to the bottom of the channel at the mouth of the race, or there has some trash floated in. When you have had your breakfast, take an axe and the hook and go up and see what the trouble is.”

As soon as daylight came Ed was ready for the trip. He buckled on a pair of skates, as the ice was in prime condition, and taking the tools across his shoulder, was soon skimming up the river.

As he came to the canal mouth, he struck with the axe upon the ice, and it gave forth a hollow sound. Evidently the decrease in the flow was not caused by the water freezing to the bottom. There must be some obstruction at the intake.

It was no small work to cut through thirty-six inches of ice and locate the exact spot of the obstruction, but before ten o’clock Ed had discovered it. Some wood choppers, during the summer had been clearing on an island half a mile out into the lake, and small branches thrown

into the water had, by the slow-moving current, been carried along finally to the mouth of the canal. One branch lodging and freezing, became the occasion for the stoppage of others, and then the mass had swung around and across the mouth of the canal, almost cutting off its supply.

It was no job for a weakling to cut and hook out those limbs and brush from the icy water, but finally Ed had the satisfaction of seeing the race fill again, and knowing that the old wheel would be at its work of preparing the farmers' grist once more.

Ed had never explored the little lake, and the stories the settlers had told him of the Indian uprising had made him anxious to visit some of the scenes of that tragedy so near by. From the intake, past the island, he could see, jutting out into the lake, Massacre Point, where was still standing the log house in which thirteen whites had met their death at the hands of the savages. While it would mean the loss of his dinner, the lad thought that as he was so near, he would skate over to that point, which appeared to be not over a mile away, and take a closer look at the tragic place.

As he was passing the island, there appeared at the edge of a clump of low box-elders the largest dog he had ever seen. It was nearly white and not only tall, but long in body, and gaunt. It started as if it would come to the boy, and he whistled to it. However, as it sprang upon the smooth ice, Ed saw it slip and slide, and then, as it regained its footing, slowly make its way back to the island.

Little had been changed about the old log house since that fearful day when the family, with the few neighbors who had gathered with them for protection, had at last succumbed to the rifle and tomahawk of the red foes. A rusty kettle was standing in the fireplace. Rude benches were still around the table where the victims had eaten their last meal. In one corner a cradle, hollowed out of a log, told of a baby's share in that day of horror.

As Ed turned away full of sad thoughts and questionings, he scarcely noticed his approach to the island upon the return journey. As he rounded the point of timber, there sprang upon the ice not only one big white "dog," but three, with lolling tongues, making straight for him. Then he realized what these animals were; not dogs, but the big, fierce, dreaded timber wolves. However, Ed was not much frightened. He rather enjoyed the thought of a race with them. There seemed to be only enough danger to add spice to the adventure. On his skates he could outrun them, and he had smooth going all the way home.

But he had not reckoned upon the power of those long, lank bodies, and muscular limbs, nor upon the hunger that drove them to attack a human being in daylight. He had not reached the edge of the lake

before he heard teeth snap like the spring of a steel trap, and almost involuntarily he sprang to one side while the wolves slid by upon their haunches, endeavoring to stop. Then, with another dodge, as they turned and again came at the lad on the ice, he passed them and gained a considerable distance toward home. Twice he was able to escape them through this maneuver before they reached the channel of the river.

Here came new tactics on the part of the wolves. Upon the ground they could outrun the boy, and they sprang up the bank, speeding on ahead, and as he came up all made a dash for him, full in the face. In desperation Ed threw at them the heavy ice-hook, which they attempted to dodge, but only two got away uninjured, while the third dragged himself off with a broken leg. "Well, you brutes," the boy shouted, "I have but two of you to deal with now."

His respite was not to be a long one, for as he entered a part of the river where the banks widened out into a tiny but deep lakelet, they sprang again from the shore in such a spurt of savage fury that in a few moments Ed could hear the panting breath from those blood-flecked, foamy mouths close upon his heels.

Ed whirled his sharp axe around as he sped forward, and with an almost involuntary cry to God for help, brought it behind him in a mighty swing. A dull thud, as it left his hand, told him that it had struck home, and he knew that another one of the horrid pursuers would not trouble him more. But even as the thought of rejoicing came, Ed felt the steel-trap-like snap of the remaining wolf's jaws close together in one of his heavy boots--and in that same instant the ice gave away, as the river seemed to rise up from beneath and overwhelm both boy and beast.

In his anxiety to escape the wolves, Ed had not noticed the condition of the ice they were approaching, nor the fact that from the chunks of ice scattered about, some settlers had been to this place earlier in the day for blocks to store away for summer use. The intense cold had quickly skimmed over with thin ice the place from which the great blocks had been taken, but not of strength sufficient to bear the heavy weight of boy and wolf.

Ed had gone clear under--the water had closed over his head--but fortunately, as they went down, the big brute had loosened his hold upon the boy's leg, and fortunately also, the ice, although not strong enough for support, was thick enough to break the force of the speed with which they were coming, and as he rose to the surface, Ed's head came up in the place from which the thick ice had been taken away.

The wolf was less fortunate, for the boy never saw it again. In his kicking and struggling to come to the surface, he may have pushed it down under the thick ice. However, I do not think he was sorry then--or

since, for that matter.

But, although the wolf was gone, the boy was by no means out of danger. No one who has not been in a like predicament can realize the difficulty of one who has broken through the ice, in getting out without aid. In fact, there are very few cases on record where such happy terminations have ensued. The numbing cold of the water, so quickly paralyzing the vital forces; the weight of the heavy clothing pulling down; the lack of any object by which one can pull himself upon the ice, make the condition of one in such a plight most desperate.

Ed can not remember of being greatly frightened; certainly he did not fall into a panic. If he had, he would have soon gone under. He realized that he must keep cool--I mean in his thoughts; for he was cool enough otherwise--and use every possible means to extricate himself. He was facing downstream, and nearly at the side of the place from which the thick ice had been cut, for the speed at which he had been going had carried him some distance upon the thin ice. Ed knew that if he reached the thick ice on the downstream side, the current would draw his legs under the ice, and he could not hope to get out. He must turn about and make his way up stream to that edge of the hole his body had made as he had broken in. There Ed began with his fists and elbows to break away the thin ice so that he could reach that which was thick and firm. The current of the river and his heavy boots and clothing seemed determined to drag him away and under. Again and again he was forced to pause for breath. But the numbness was creeping over the boy. He dared not stop in his efforts.

At last he reached the firm ice. Oh, for some one to reach a hand now! but he was so far away he could hope for no help from the mill. If the ice was only rough he might get some sort of hold upon it with his bleeding fingers--but it was as smooth as polished glass, and the water, that in his struggles was thrown upon the ice, made it that much more impossible for him to grasp a hold.

Something had to be done, and that at once, or the lad's body would soon be slowly floating beneath the ice along with that of the wolf--perhaps never to be found; at least not until the spring sun should unlock the icy prison. What would Mr. Taylor think when he should find the axe and the other wolf? What would be the feelings of the folks in the far-away Wisconsin home?

But the lad would not give up; he must try again! He began to spring up and down in the water, throwing himself forward each time he came up. At last, by a supreme effort, he did not slip back into that yawning, watery grave, but found himself balanced over upon the ice.

For some seconds Ed was too much exhausted to pull his legs entirely out of the water, but lay gasping for breath; all in a tremble. He

could not rise to his feet, but knowing that even a short inaction now would prove as fatal as if he were still in the water, he rolled over and over, away from the hole, beating his arms upon his body, until at length he was able to sit up, then to rise to his knees, and then stagger to his feet.

Ed will never forget the rest of that trip home. He struck out to skate, clumsily enough at first, and, as the blood began to course to the extremities, it seemed as though a thousand red-hot needles were piercing his flesh. The bitter cold soon caused his outer clothing to encase him like a coat of mail, in which only the most strenuous exertions kept enough pliability to allow him to move at all.

Ed did reach the mill, after a while, and, strange to say, suffered very little ill effect from his adventure. His bruised hands healed quickly, and frozen toes and ears were so usual in that winter climate, as to not be mentioned among casualties.

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